

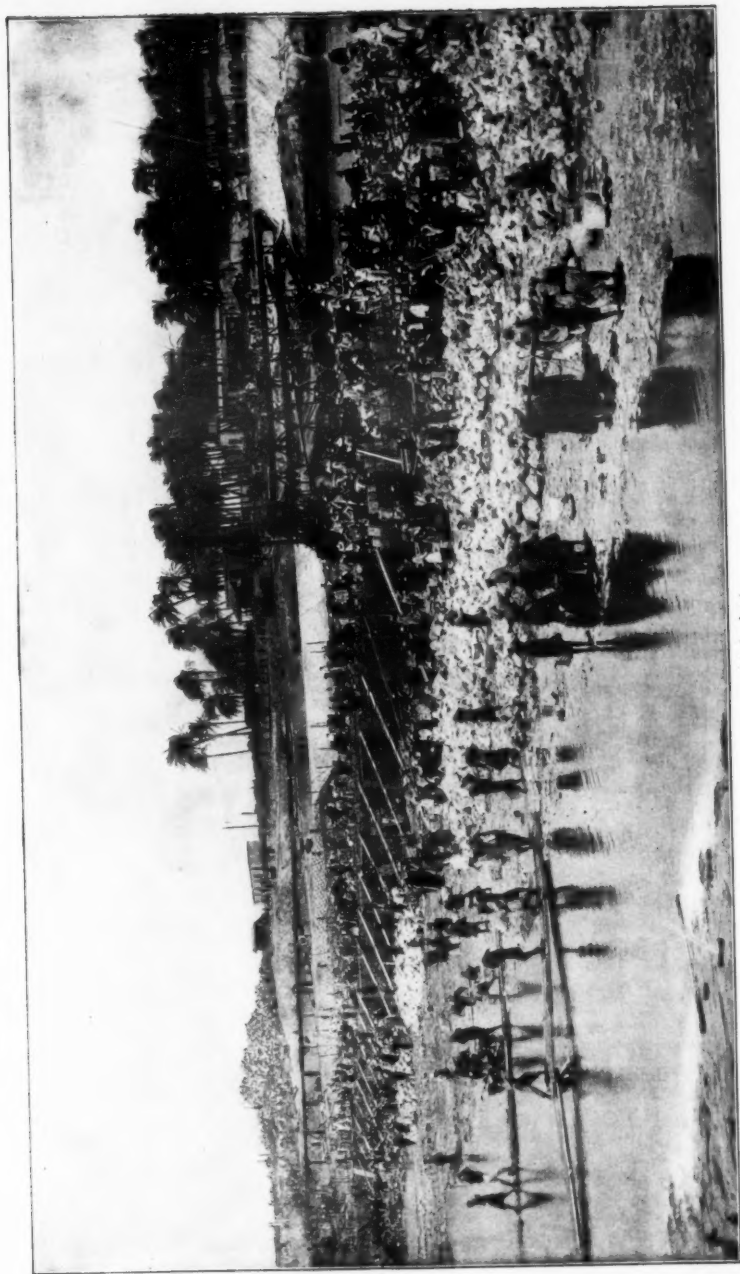
# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

MARCH 1900  
CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN BY . . . . .	Mabel L. Humphrey.	
FRONTISPIECE		
The Foundations of the Dam at Assiout on the Nile.		
THE CLARK-DALY FEUD . . . . .		99
Illustrated from photographs.		
THE UPTURNED FACE . . . . .	Stephen Crane . . . . .	108
Illustrations by Campbell J. Phillips.		
THE CONQUEST OF THE NILE . . . . .	John Ward, F. S. A. . . . .	111
Illustrated from photographs.		
WHAT THE CABINET WANTS . . . . .	Edward H. Coleman . . . . .	121
TEN YEARS' TRIAL—SERIAL STORY . . . . .	Brig.-Gen. Charles King . . . . .	129
Chapter IV. Illustrations by W. B. Bridge.		
THE REAL HOWELLS . . . . .	Theodore Dreiser . . . . .	137
Illustrated from photographs.		
FORTUNES MADE IN SMALL INVENTIONS	Harvey Sutherland . . . . .	143
Illustrations by Frank Verbeck.		
MR. SIXTY'S MISTAKE—SHORT STORY . . . . .	Chauncey C. Hotchkiss . . . . .	149
WHO MAY WITH THE SHREWD HOURS STRIVE—VERSES . . . . .	Arthur Colton . . . . .	157
THE BUSINESS SIDE OF GRAND OPERA . . . . .	Gustav Kobbé . . . . .	158
Illustrated from photographs.		
A KENTUCKY WELCOME . . . . .	Ewan Macpherson . . . . .	165
Illustrations by W. A. Burgher.		
TRAMP STEAMSHIPS OF THE WORLD . . . . .	Samuel A. Wood . . . . .	172
Illustrated from photographs.		
TALES OF THE CHEMISTS' CLUB . . . . .	Howard Fielding . . . . .	181
VI.—An Humble Servant of Humanity.		
TOPICS OF THE THEATRE . . . . .		186

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At Assiout.

The foundations of the lock, and the foundations for one quarter of the barrage, as well as the superstructure for both these piers up to height above low Nile, were finished this last year. The remaining superstructure can be commenced next season as soon as the Nile falls sufficiently, as no further dams are required to finish this work.

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 2

## THE CLARK-DALY FEUD

**A** SQUABBLE between two partners in a primitive section of Montana, elaborated through twenty years of bitter rivalry and increasing riches, became a matter of national importance when William A. Clark, of Montana, was elected to the United States Senate. Two financial magnates, once poor men who dug potatoes and sold merchandise from wagons, carried their antagonism beyond the scenes of its origin and inflicted it upon the attention of the republic, when Marcus Daly, of Montana, set in motion the machinery to disqualify William A. Clark for his office.

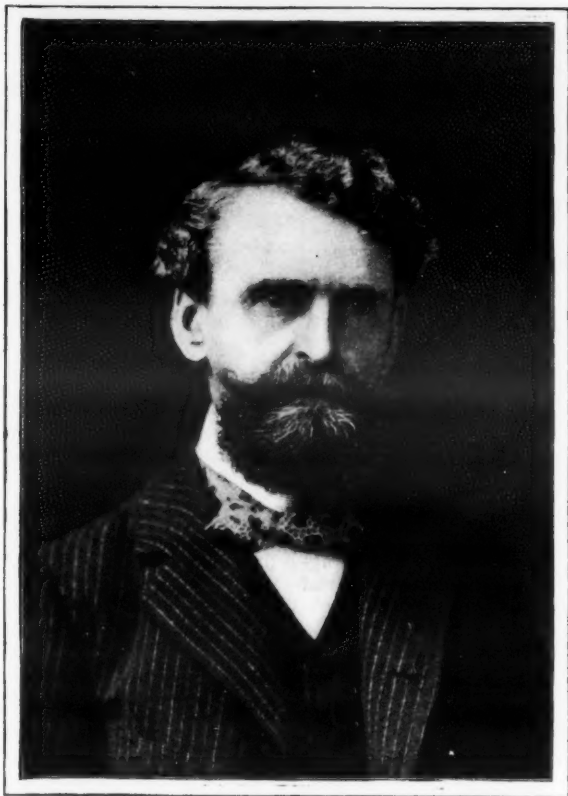
To understand the bitterness of the feud, the deadly hatred engendered, to get at the true inwardness of the affair, one must live in Montana, not a few days, but years; and one must, from the very nature of things, be either a Clark man or a Daly man. There is no middle ground. Many a bright man has come to Montana, firmly resolved to remain neutral; but he soon finds that he cannot, so far in every direction do the ramifications of the feud extend. The Clark-Daly feud is the heart of Montana, supplying life-blood to thousands, its arteries pulsating through every village and city of the State, affecting directly or indirectly, every man, woman and child. Both principals possess such a diversity of interests scattered throughout every county, employing thousands in their coal and copper mines, timber industries, farms, smelters, mercantile houses and banks, that they really hold the well-being of the entire Treasure State in their hands. While the feuds of Kentucky may be outwardly more sanguinary, there is not within the knowledge of man one which has ruined more men, caused indirectly more deaths than this of Montana. It has also been the cause of the elevation politically, socially

and financially of hundreds of men who but for its existence would never have risen above the ranks.

Twenty years ago William A. Clark and Marcus Daly were partners in the mining business in Montana. The two had made their fortunes in the rough conditions of the early years in that state, and had been drawn together perhaps by that peculiar sympathy which, the world over, unites men of natural bigness. Daly was the agent and the practical mine locator and operator for the rich syndicate composed of J. B. Haggin, Lloyd Tevis and George Hearst (afterward Senator). Clark was a merchant and banker, who had been successful in most of his operations, and who had money to spare to invest in mines. Clark's capital and Daly's mining acumen combined to form a partnership of unusual effectiveness. Montana's early mining developments involved the Clark-Daly movements at almost every important turn.

During the duration of the partnership, the interests of the two men extended widely, participating eventually in every aspect of the progress of the community. Their capital aided in the location and improvement of new mine sites, and hence of new towns. They had to do with the construction of the railroads. They built smelters, and employed hundreds of men. They loaned money to others. They acquired landed as well as mineral properties. They established and conducted banks, built office structures, operated street railways, and—of necessity—went into politics. By the time the quarrel arose between them there was scarcely a phase of the state's activities in which they were not, either jointly or individually, concerned.

No one knows, except Clark and Daly

*Bradley photo.*

William A. Clark.

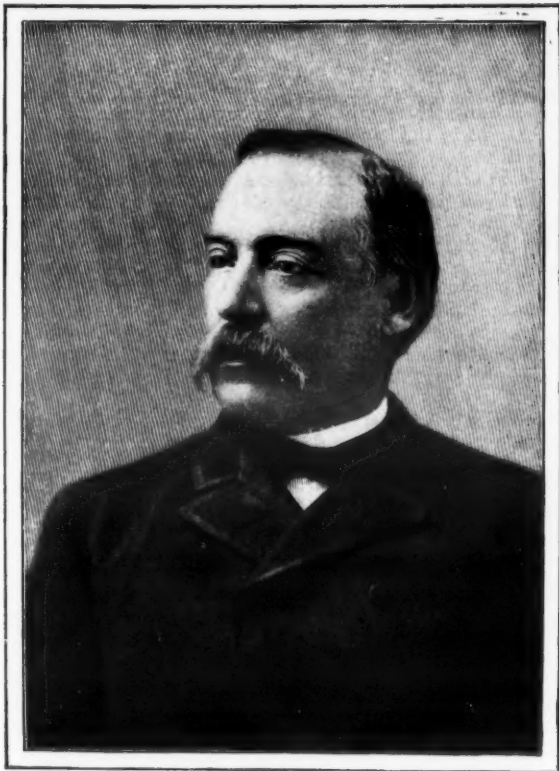
themselves, when this close association began to break. And no one clearly knows why. The friends of Clark do not acknowledge that there was any outward evidence of rupture until as late as 1888. The friends of Daly date it back to the latter part of the seventies.

Daly is an Irishman, fond of power, fretful when opposed. Clark is an American, not accustomed to lose chances or to be beaten. He had entered Montana with an ox team and no money, and everything he had earned had come by hard knocks and superior shrewdness. Daly, on the other hand, while equally shrewd, had made his way by acting for others. Originally a mining prospector, he had become a locator for others, and through a remarkable acuteness of judgment had been able to command an interest in the valuable pro-

perties which he discovered. Through the bartering of these interests he had laid the foundations of a fortune; but, by choice as well as by inducement, he had remained with the syndicates and ultimately had become their manager and representative. He acted in this capacity all during the private partnership with Clark, and in whatever he did with Clark the syndicate's interests appear to have mingled. Where there were town improvements to be made, Daly rendered assistance on behalf of the company. Where there were politics to run he dictated the votes of the employees of the company. In the narratives told of the genesis of the quarrel, there is little separation of Daly as representative of the syndicate from Daly as individual.

According to one story, Daly, on behalf of the syndicate, was seeking to acquire an





Marcus Daly.

important copper mine, when Clark, proceeding upon inside knowledge derived from close friendship with Daly, bought the property before Daly could close.

Another story is that Daly, still acting as representative of the syndicate, entered upon an extended series of improvements in the town of Anaconda, and was engaged in acquiring certain water rights, when Clark saw a chance and held the syndicate up for a big profit. Daly had acquired about seven-eighths of the necessary rights for some \$10,000 to \$15,000, when Clark slipped in and bought the remaining eighth, and then asked Daly \$25,000 for it. The price made Daly's agents hesitate for twenty-four hours. When they returned with the \$25,000, Clark asked \$50,000. When they hesitated another twenty-four hours, and then returned with the \$50,000, Clark asked still more, continuing to advance the price

with each hesitation of the purchasers until ultimately he received \$125,000.

Still another narrative is that while Clark and Daly were associated in the ownership of a large tract of land, Daly ordered some improvements during Clark's absence. Clark, upon return, disapproved of the improvements, refused to bear the expense, and compelled Daly to buy him out. The price he fixed was regarded by Daly as a deliberate extortion.

In the absence of authoritative explanation, it is necessary to take the quarrel for granted, as the people of Montana have done. All the details make a long story. One typical instance will show the venom, the treachery, and at the same time the broad issues and consequences involved.

Clark was nominated in 1888 by the Democrats of the Territory as the Delegate to Congress. The nomination was consid-

ered equivalent to election, especially as the Territory was known to be in the hands of four men, all Democrats, and all wealthy miners and bankers. The power of the "Big Four," which consisted of Marcus Daly, S. T. Hauser, C. A. Broadwater and W. A. Clark, was thus spoken of by the Republican paper after the election:

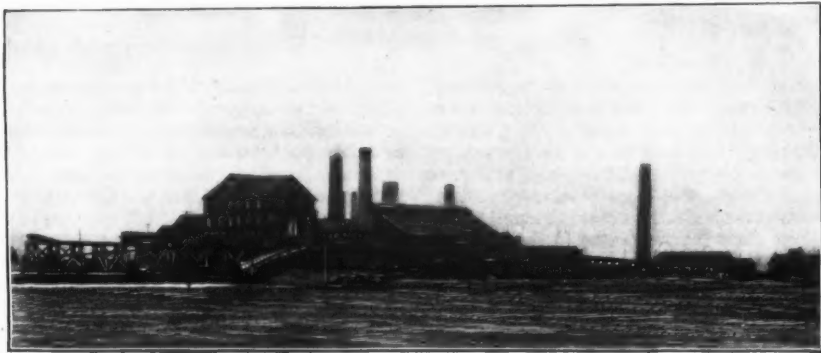
"These four men are the Democratic party. They have kept it in their power when they wanted to, and when they fell out the party went to the dogs to the music of 5,126 Republican majority."

According to the story told by the friends of Clark, Daly congratulated him upon his sure prospects and at the opening of Daly's new hotel, "The Montana," even led a cotillon with Mrs. Clark, when he assured her of his intention to support Clark through his many available means. Shortly before the election, Clark sent a delegation to Daly to obtain final assurances. Daly was closeted at the moment with Thomas H. Carter, then a comparatively unknown man in Montana, whom the Republicans, by some chance which always baffled the Democrats, had nominated as Clark's opponent. He privately hid Carter behind a screen and received the Clark delegation. A short and satisfactory conversation was terminated with Daly's promise to throw the entire vote he controlled to Clark, in order, said he, "to bury that red-headed Irish son-of-a-gun, Tom Carter, in the middle kittle of h——."

One incident of the campaign has since proved a source of amusement. Tom McTague, a Democrat and a friend of both Daly and Clark at that time, made extensive preparations for the celebration booked to follow Clark's election. He bought and had shipped a carload of brooms to be carried in the parade, to signify the Democrats had made a clean sweep. McTague is now warden at the State Penitentiary, and one of the contractors for the care of the convicts. He is presenting his friends, and has been for years, with beautifully carved ash canes made from the handles of the brooms which were never used to celebrate the election of Clark. They have, however, served two purposes; one, to give the convicts something to employ their hands and brains in idle moments, and the other to make Warden McTague popular with his friends.

From that time everything that Clark sought to do politically was antagonized by Daly. Not only was the unknown Carter elevated into distinction, notwithstanding that Daly was by tradition and principle a Democrat, and Carter a Republican, but subsequently Lee Mantle, also a Republican, was assisted to the political honor of a Senatorship and afterwards of Congressman; while the first two Senators from the new State of Montana, both Republicans, were pushed into office through Daly's mediation.

When the first legislature for the new



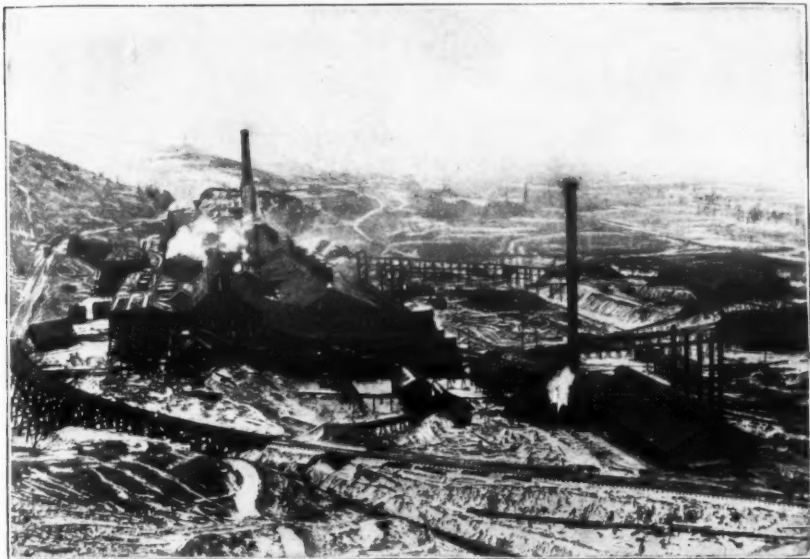
Butte Reduction Works, Belonging to W. A. Clark.

A few days later, when the vote was counted, Clark was defeated and the unknown Carter had been elected the Territorial Delegate. The votes that did the trick were those of Anaconda, the district which Daly held in the palm of his hand.

state was chosen, a curious muddle occurred in one of the districts, and both parties in the legislature were enabled to nominate and elect Senators. Clark and Martin Maginnis were named by the Democrats, Wilbur F. Sanders and T. C. Power by the Re-

publicans. It is stated that Daly was requested at this time by one of his principals, George Hearst, to bury the hatchet and allow Clark's election. Outwardly he appears to have done so. But the disputed district, through an influence which many have

sentential that friendship to, or support of, either Daly or Clark should be determined in advance of almost any important proposition, business, political or social. The attitude of newcomers was canvassed and altered to one side or the other as assiduously



Upper Works at Anaconda, Belonging to Marcus Daly.

attributed to Daly, was unable to settle its controversy, and the selection between the Democratic and Republican Senators was finally left to a Republican United States Senate. Of course, Clark was not seated.

Again four years later, when another election occurred to name a successor to Senator Sanders, Daly used his influence, this time less secretly, and prevented a choice by the legislature. Daly himself headed a small coterie of nine Democrats who refused to support the party caucus for Clark. The Governor made an *ad interim* appointment, and thus Lee Mantle, who subsequently became Congressman, owed his advancement to the Clark-Daly feud.

From this time the two men threw their vast resources against each other, their wonderful control of the votes of laboring men, their concern in the welfare of the respective cities and towns in which their capital was invested, their personal and business friendships, their social standing, their political prestige. They made it es-

as the favor of older residents was marshalled or their enmity made uncomfortable.

It is related of Daly that he carried his animosity to such an extent as to remove to Anaconda from Butte an employee of one of the banking institutions in which he held controlling stock, in order to prevent this employee's wife from extending social entertainment to friends of Clark. In Anaconda the wife, unwittingly entertained some of Clark's friends. Daly is represented as having instructed his employee to have this stopped. The spunky wife packed her traps and moved to Spokane rather than submit to the dictation.

It is also told that at a funeral of one of the miners in the copper districts in which both Clark and Daly are interested, the pallbearers happened to be all Daly men, the deceased having been in Daly's employ. By some oversight, the master of ceremonies, who was also head of the lodge to which the deceased was attached, was a Clark man. Black looks were exchanged all

through the service, and when the master of ceremonies gave the order to take up the coffin, the Daly men flatly refused, and a deadly battle over the remains was averted only by the interference of a priest.

Daly's record is full of such small and bitter animosities as the incident of the bank employee's wife. He is reputed to have used his spite against others quite as thoroughly as against Clark. Indeed, many, who are not altogether friendly to Daly, claim that one of the fundamental elements of his character is his unwillingness to forget an offense. So much is not asserted against Clark, but there are few or none to say that Clark has not matched Daly's spleen with actions not necessarily in accord with the code of ethics.

When in 1893 and 1894 Montana people were called upon, by the terms of their new constitution, to choose a permanent site for their capital, Daly and Clark went into the affair as if the state were their own; Daly, with Irish determination, that his own town of Anaconda should reap the honors; Clark at first remaining in the background, as he had done in the famous water rights contention many years previously, and slipping forward at the moment when a victory over Daly meant a big turn in his future fortunes. Anaconda and Helena were first chosen out of half a dozen competitors. Between these two cities lay the issue at the next general election.

If Anaconda won, Daly would be almost irrevocably the master of the destinies of the state. The thousands of men in his employ at the mines of Anaconda would constitute the balance of power in all matters of moment. It was a prize upon which Daly staked much. Rather than lose it, he went to an extreme which, for an unforgiving Irishman, is the last resort. He approached Clark, and offered to guarantee his support for the Senatorial nomination if Clark would throw his influence in behalf of Anaconda.

Clark seems to have willed otherwise. The interim since the old days when Daly controlled men on behalf of the big syndicate had advanced Clark to a point where he controlled as many if not more men. He had become vastly wealthy. His investments in every section of Montana, as in many sections of the United States, had proved to be wonders in luck, as they were wonders in shrewd management. He owned not only copper mines, but lumber mills and the forests from which they were fed, coal fields, stock ranges, banks, city properties, smelt-

ers—more interests, indeed, in his own name than Daly controlled on behalf of himself and his syndicate. His income was estimated at a million per month; he himself claimed not to know how much it was. His turn had come to be indifferent to Daly, to override him; to indulge in some of the vengeance that had been Daly's for ten years or more.

So far from compromising upon the Senatorship, he accepted the cause of Daly's chief competitor, cast his nets of gold and copper into the pools whence votes are drawn, and buried Daly and his Anaconda under a level of votes that seemed not only to submerge his enemy, but to place Clark himself in inevitable line for the honors from which Daly had so long sought to restrain him.

The Montana capital fight of 1894, as a consequence, is one of the black pages of Northwestern history. It narrowed to a battle between these two men of means—a mere personal conflict wherein ephemeral considerations utterly obscured the question at stake. Daly was defeated, and Clark became a hero in the eyes of the people of Helena. When Helena celebrated her victory Clark was the guest of honor; as he stepped from his special train, a carriage magnificently decorated with flowers, flags and ribbons was in waiting; the horses were removed and prominent citizens drew him to the place of celebration. And since then the citizens have been for Clark, first, last and all the time. When the passions of the hour subsided, and the political horizon was inspected, it was found that the habit of solving state issues by money, of measuring the concerns of the public by their relation to the two wealthiest men in the community, had been ineradicably fastened upon the people.

For a brief period after 1894 there was some reason to think that the feud had abated. Clark, satisfied apparently with his conquest, withdrew from political activity and was reported to have declared his intention not to seek the Senatorship again. In 1896, at the Presidential elections, Daly and Clark were both loyal to the silver and Democratic cause. But in 1898, when state politics were again at the front, the old storm broke loose, more aggravated than ever. The use of money was more unscrupulous, the machinations of the politicians were more far-reaching, the consequences extending beyond the state and drawing the scandalized eye of the entire United States.

Clark, against his will, was persuaded again to stand for the Senate. Daly, unaffected by the defeat of 1894, and with the same vindictiveness, put himself against Clark's election. The legislature was banded back and forth between the two men's money. Party principle and local necessities were smothered in the purchase funds of these personal accounts. And when the voting came in the halls of the state capitol, there was money waiting for him who chose to take it, and votes ready to be exchanged for the highest bidder. The bribery and corruption of the capitol con-

same earth, Clark will have to reckon with Daly.

"I don't like him, nohow," Daly is quoted as saying. "He ain't right—he ain't right, nohow."

With the contest settled in Montana, Daly simply transferred it to a higher court—extended his cause beyond his own state, as he originally extended it beyond his own sphere. In Montana the agents of Daly prosecuted and succeeded in disbaring the lawyer whom they fixed upon as the representative of Clark in the monetary dealings of the campaign, John B. Wellcome. In the



Home of W. A. Clark, at Butte.

test of 1894 was miniature in comparison. Montana had gone into the money-in-politics business. She had been steeped to the soul with it, until her representatives seemed unable to move under any other guidance.

Clark was elected. The public of the country has been told how, in the sittings and hearings of the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate.

There the matter should have ended, as the business quarrel of twenty years preceding should have ended. But it did not. The Irish tenacity of Daly never releases its hold. So long as he and Clark are upon the

Senate of the United States, the same friends of Daly who openly charged Clark with bribery and who were chiefly instrumental in the conviction of Wellcome, have adduced the same testimony in order to hold Clark from his honors.

It is even said that Daly, realizing Clark's new and vast wealth, much of which consisted in copper interests (Clark controls one-fifth of the copper output of the world), fused his own interests with the capital of the Standard Oil Company, forming the big copper trust of which much talk was made in the summer of 1899. He did this that he



The Montana Hotel at Anaconda, Famous for Marcus Daly's Princely Entertainments.

might avail himself of the aid of that company's powerful lobby at Washington in his attempts to oust Clark. Should he fail in the Senate, it is conceivable that this company might make it exceedingly lively for the copper business of Clark.

Clark and Daly are representatives of the newest and crudest conditions of the progressive West. They are emanations of that section of the country which, with material welfare as chief occupation, is only beginning to enter into the period of state making and law making. They are from a vicinity where the individual is entitled to what he is able to get, and where his ability to get it constitutes his title.

Gold and wealth have surrounded the contestants. Gold and the pursuit of it have been the most engrossing interests of the community. They have lived in a country "where the past is easy to forget and only the fool lets it trouble him," where it has been said that there was once a millionaire for every 1,000 people and \$1,000 per capita deposited in the banks every day; where, as Rollin Lynde Hartt said in "The Montanians," people "will do anything for money; people of education will go into deliberate exile to hold down a claim; young men of social training and refined tastes will live in intolerable mining camps, and there are

even some forty thousand abandoned wretches who are wasting their days in Butte. . . . Gold is a great leveler; it levels up, not down."

In appearance the two men differ vastly. Clark is slender, elegant in appearance, with auburn hair and beard, just beginning to show gray threads. His sixty years rest lightly upon his shoulders, his blue eyes are keen and alert. He is a man who knows how to grasp an opportunity, and how to bend it to his own advantage. His dress is correct, and no one would fail to recognize in him the man of culture and wealth, the clubman and the traveler. Yet when in Butte he dons oilskins and goes underground, inspecting every nook of his mines. In addition to his practical education as a miner he attended Columbia College, taking a full course in assaying and analysis. When fortune came his way he immediately sent his family to Europe, where they spent several years in Paris acquiring French, and the same length of time in Dresden, studying German. He spent his winters traveling with them on the Continent. He is much interested in art, and for a number of years studied it in all its branches. He wanted to know all about rugs and tapestries, and spent two years studying them. He has collected magnificent specimens. It will be remembered



that he offered Prince Murat \$300,000 for Gobelin tapestries. He is now trying to obtain the tapestries belonging to the Earl of Coventry, which originally cost \$350,000. No art treasure seems too valuable for him to purchase, if he takes a fancy to it. He prefers the modern painters to the old masters. He paid \$42,000 for Fortuny's "The Choice of a Model." In fact, he has the genuine artistic temperament, and the rare good luck also to have the millions to gratify it.

Daly appears to care nothing for dress, the plainest business suit sufficing. He is as often as not seen in the garb of a miner. Although he is quite gray now, he still retains his magnificent physique and upright bearing. He has devoted his life to mining, and has no equal in the world in sizing up a mine. The magnificent smelters at Anaconda stand as monument to his acumen. He keeps right on purchasing and developing mines. He does not care for the world of fashion, and Europe possesses no charms for him, although his family has had every advantage of his wealth. He seems to possess the intuition of a woman, and that has often enabled him to win out in the face of certain

defeat. While Clark is the cleverer financier, Daly is the better judge of human nature. His right-hand men and confidants have never betrayed him, but have worked for him with heart and soul, seeming to have but one ambition—to serve Marcus Daly in any and all things. Clark, on the other hand, has made some unwise selections, and in consequence has been the sufferer. Daly is a model husband and father, and he delights in his home.

In many things the rivals are alike. Both began as miners underground, and both have made their own money, and are not like most of the multi-millionaires, merely farmers of millions bequeathed them. Both men rank high in Masonry. Both are loyal friends and strong enemies. Both can point to hundreds of men in Montana whose success in life they have secured. Both are easily accessible to their friends, though it is difficult for strangers to approach them, owing to the fact that nearly every moment is taken up with their business affairs. Both are charitable and give freely to worthy enterprises. And both are alike in that they cordially hate each other, and each is determined to be the winner in the Clark-Daly feud.



The Hennessy Building, at Butte, Owned by Daly and his Company.





# THE UPTURNED FACE

BY

STEPHEN CRANE

"WHAT will we do now?" said the adjutant, troubled and excited.

"Bury him," said Timothy Lean. The two officers looked down close to their toes where lay the body of their comrade. The face was chalk-blue; gleaming eyes stared at the sky. Over the two upright figures was a windy sound of bullets, and on the top of the hill, Lean's prostrate company of Spitzbergen infantry was firing measured volleys.

"Don't you think it would be better—" began the adjutant. "We might leave him until to-morrow."

"No," said Lean, "I can't hold that post an hour longer. I've got to fall back, and we've got to bury old Bill."

"Of course," said the adjutant at once. "Your men got intrenching tools?"

Lean shouted back to his little firing line, and two men came slowly, one with a pick, one with a shovel. They stared in the direction of the Rostina sharpshooters. Bullets cracked near their ears. "Dig here," said Lean, gruffly. The men, thus caused to lower their glances to the turf, became hurried and frightened merely because they could not look to see whence the bullets came. The dull beat of the pick striking the earth sounded amid the swift snap of close bullets. Presently the other private began to shovel.

"I suppose," said the adjutant, slowly, "we'd better search his clothes for . . . things."

Lean nodded; together in curious abstrac-

tion they looked at the body. Then Lean stirred his shoulders, suddenly arousing himself. "Yes," he said, "we'd better see . . . what he's got." He dropped to his knees and approached his hands to the body of the dead officer. But his hands wavered over the buttons of the tunic. The first button was brick-red with drying blood, and he did not seem to dare to touch it.

"Go on," said the adjutant, hoarsely.

Lean stretched his wooden hand, and his fingers fumbled blood-stained buttons. . . . At last he arose with a ghastly face. He had gathered a watch, a whistle, a pipe, a tobacco pouch, a handkerchief, a little case of cards and papers. He looked at the adjutant. There was a silence. The adjutant was feeling that he had been a coward to make Lean do all the grizzly business.

"Well," said Lean, "that's all, I think. You have his sword and revolver."

"Yes," said the adjutant, his face working. And then he burst out in a sudden strange fury at the two privates. "Why don't you hurry up with that grave? What are you doing, anyhow?"

Even as he cried out in this passion, the two men were laboring for their lives. Ever overhead, the bullets were spitting.

The grave was finished. It was not a masterpiece—poor little shallow thing. Lean and the adjutant again looked at each other in a curious, silent communication.

Suddenly the adjutant croaked out a weird laugh. It was a terrible laugh which had its origin in that part of the mind which

is first moved by the singing of the nerves. "Well," he said, humorously to Lean, "I suppose we had best tumble him in."

"Yes," said Lean. The two privates stood waiting bent over on their implements. "I suppose," said Lean, "it would be better if we laid him in ourselves."

"Yes," said the adjutant. Then apparently remembering that he had made Lean search the body, he stooped with great fortitude and took hold of the dead officer's clothing. Lean joined him. Both were particular that their fingers should not feel the corpse. They tugged away; the corpse lifted, heaved, toppled, flopped into the grave, and the two officers, straightening, looked at each other. They sighed with relief.

The adjutant said: "I suppose we should . . . we should say something. Do you know the service, Tim?"

"They don't read the service until the grave is filled in," said Lean.

"Don't they?" said the adjutant, shocked that he had made the mistake. "Oh, well," he cried, suddenly, "let us . . . let us say something. . . . while he can hear us."

"All right," said Lean. "Do you know the service?"

"I can't remember a line of it," said the adjutant.

Lean was extremely dubious. "I can repeat two lines out—"

"Well, do it," said the adjutant. "Go as far as you can. That's better than nothing. And . . . the beasts have got our range exactly."

Lean looked at his two men. "Attention!" he barked. The privates came to attention with a click, looking much aggrieved. The adjutant lowered his helmet to his knee. Lean, bare-headed, stood over the grave. The Rostina sharpshooters fired briskly.

*"O, Father, our friend has sunk in the deep waters of death, but his spirit has leaped toward Thee as the bubble arises from the lips of the drowning. Perceive, we beseech, O, Father, the little flying bubble and—"*

Lean, although husky and ashamed, had suffered no hesitation up to this point, but he stopped with a hopeless feeling and looked at the corpse.

The adjutant moved uneasily. *"And from Thy superb heights—"* he began, and then he, too, came to an end.

*"And from Thy superb heights,"* said Lean.

The adjutant suddenly remembered a phrase in the back part of the Spitzber-

gen burial service, and he exploited it with the triumphant manner of a man who has recalled everything and can go on.

*"Oh, God, have mercy—"*

*"Oh, God, have mercy—"* said Lean.

"Mercy," repeated the adjutant, in a quick failure.

"Mercy," said Lean. And then he was moved by some violence of feeling, for he turned suddenly upon his two men and tigerishly said: "Throw the dirt in."

The fire of the Rostina sharpshooters was accurate and continuous.

## II.

One of the aggrieved privates came forward with his shovel. He lifted his first shovel load of earth, and for a moment of inexplicable hesitation it was held poised above this corpse which, from its chalk-blue face, looked keenly out from the grave. Then the soldier emptied his shovel on—on the feet.

Timothy Lean felt as if tons had been swiftly lifted from off his forehead. He had felt that perhaps the private might empty the shovel on—on the face. It had been emptied on the feet. There was a great point gained there. The adjutant began to babble. "Well, of course . . . a man we've messed with all these years . . . impossible . . . you can't, you know, leave your intimate friends rotting on the field . . . Go on, for God's sake, and shovel, *you*."

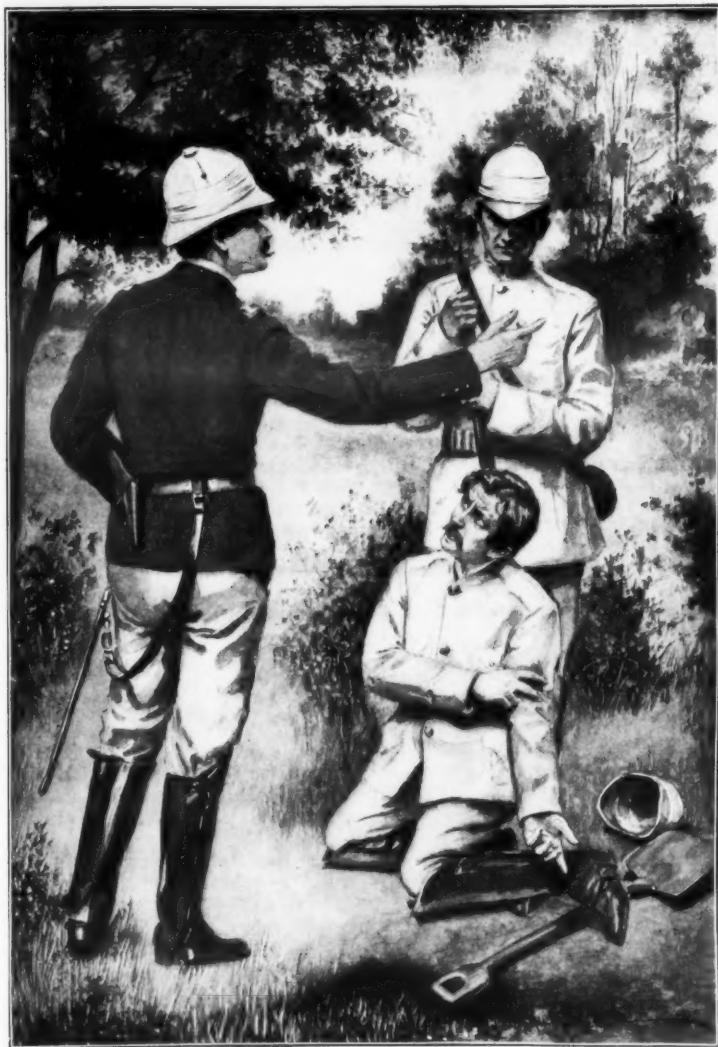
The man with the shovel suddenly ducked, grabbed his left arm with his right and looked at his officer for orders. Lean picked the shovel from the ground. "Go to the rear," he said to the wounded man. He also addressed the other private.

"You get under cover, too. I'll . . . I'll finish this business."

The wounded man scrambled hastily for the top of the ridge without devoting any glances to the direction from whence the bullets came, and the other man followed at an equal pace, but he was different in that he looked back anxiously three times. This is merely the way—often—of the hit and the unhit.

Timothy Lean filled the shovel, hesitated, and then in a movement which was like a gesture of abhorrence, he flung the dirt into the grave, and as it landed it made a sound—plop. Lean suddenly paused and mopped his brow—a tired laborer.

"Perhaps we have been wrong," said the adjutant. His glance wavered stupidly. "It



"Go to the rear," he said to the wounded man.

might have been better if we hadn't buried him just at this time. Of course, if we advance to-morrow, the body would have been —"

"Damn you," said Lean. "Shut your mouth. He was not the senior officer."

He again filled the shovel and flung in the earth. . . . For a space, Lean worked frantically, like a man digging himself out of danger. . . . Soon there was nothing to

be seen but the chalk-blue face. Lean filled the shovel. . . . "Good Good," he cried to the adjutant, why didn't you turn him somehow when you put him in? This——"

The adjutant understood. He was pale to the lips. "Go on, man," he cried, beseechingly, almost in a shout. . . . Lean swung back the shovel; it went forward in a pendulum curve. When the earth landed it made a sound—plop.



Philae, from the South at Low Nile.

The sandbanks will be covered with water to a depth of sixty feet when the Assouan Dam is full.

## THE CONQUEST OF THE NILE

By JOHN WARD, F. S. A.

*"The Greatest Engineering Feat the World Has Ever Seen."*

(Copyright in Great Britain and the United States.)

**E**XTRAVAGANT expenditure of its powers can be frequently seen in great Nature's works, and no more so than in regard to the Nile. Rain is denied to the country through which it flows for more than two thousand miles; compensation for this has been provided by an all-bounteous Providence in the annual flood that fills the river bed to overflowing during the hottest season of the year. But the supply is beyond the power of the cultivable land to absorb, and nine-tenths of it is wasted in the Mediterranean, and in the course of ages has formed the fertile Delta by its deposit of silt and mud, which, under the powerful sunshine, becomes the richest soil known to the world for agricultural purposes.

Properly treated, this land brings forth three crops always, and frequently four, every year. In this way Egypt—which has, in proportion to its extent, the smallest area of fertile soil—has for ages been not only able to feed a numerous and prolific people, but has been the granary of the world in periods of dearth in adjoining

lands. The old story in our wonderful Biblical narrative, how Jacob's sons had to go down into Egypt to buy corn, has happened again and again. Similar things occurred long before Jacob's time (as proved by Egyptian records on the rocks), and many times since. The Romans used Egypt as their chief granary for centuries when Sicily became unequal to the task of feeding their great armies and increasing population. When Joseph rose so high in the Pharaoh's service as to be made Prime Minister of Egypt, he set his great talents at work to render the famine in adjoining lands a source of wealth to the nation which he governed, and tradition ascribes to this astute ruler the making of the greatest artificial channel in Egypt for the conveying of the surplus water of the high Nile to districts which otherwise would be barren desert. This channel is the greatest boon to the country through which it flows, and is known as the "Water of Joseph" (Bahr Yusuf) to this day.

We will skip a little in this part of our story—only three thousand years, which is

not much in dealing with a nation that was in a high state of civilization, with letters, art, and architecture fully developed, three thousand years before the time of Joseph the Hebrew. This allows us to treat of the efforts being made by our countrymen today to increase the fertility of the whole land, reclaim the desert for agriculture, and to increase thereby the revenue of the country committed to their charge, so as to free the people from the burden of the debt in-



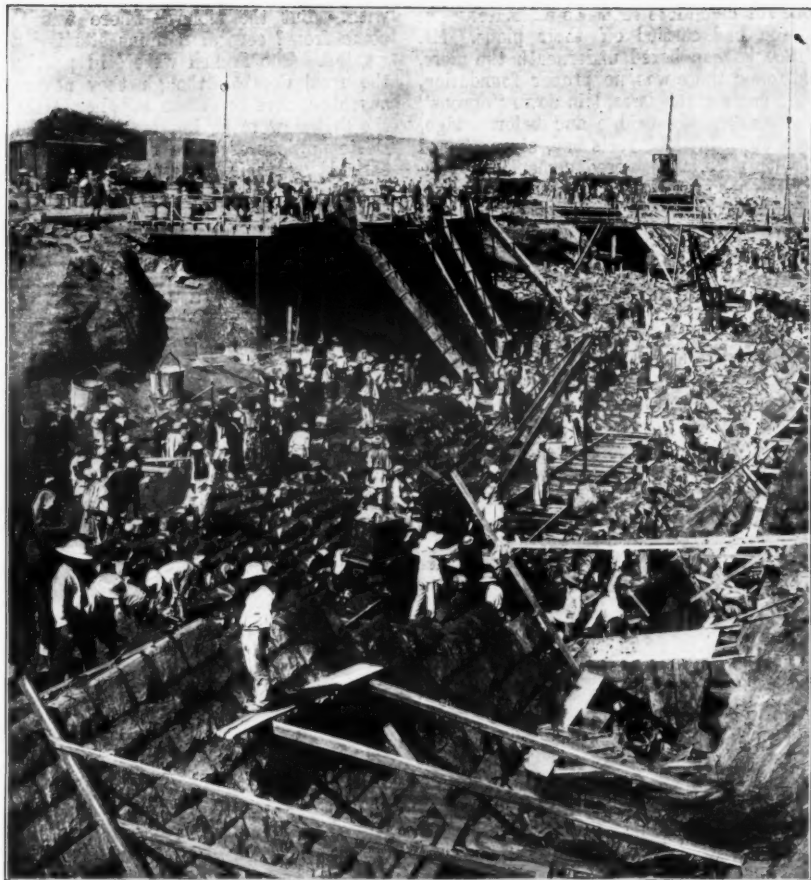
Sketch Map of the Nile, Showing Positions of the Three Reservoirs.

curring by its former rulers' extravagance.

The place to see these modern "wonders of the land of Egypt" is at the Barrage, a few miles north of Cairo, where the Nile divides into two great arms known as the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the river. Napoleon Buonaparte gets credit for having first suggested that a great dam built at this point would double the cultivable land of the Delta (Lower Egypt). But few of Napoleon's grand ideas were allowed to be real-

ized. It was printed somewhere that Napoleon had originally suggested the Barrage, and Mehemet Ali, as soon as he had his power consolidated by getting free of Turkish dominance, seems to have set about trying to "bind the Nile" in this way. Mehemet Ali's object was a purely selfish one. He wanted to have enough water to enable him to grow cotton and sugar-cane, of which he retained a monopoly, and which he was convinced would double the income of his personal exchequer. He sent to France for engineers, and many suggestions were made unavailingly. He found, after various attempts, however, a French engineer—afterwards known as Mougel Bey—clever enough and willing to carry out his ideas. Mougel was a talented man, had he been given proper skilled labor to carry his designs out. A previous engineer had been ordered by the tyrant to "use up those useless heaps of stone, the Pyramids," to make a great weir to bar and raise the river's level, and to store up the waters of the inundation for supplying the Delta and increasing the area of the soil. The Pyramids had a very narrow escape; but the engineer boldly told a lie, and saved them. He said it would cost less to quarry new stone! The plans of Mougel were accepted; but he only got hordes of wretched "fellaheen" sent down to do his work, torn from their homes, poorly fed, and made to work under the lash.

This went on for nearly twenty years. Often the walls were washed away by the floods. Then more French engineers were sent for, paid labor was imported, and at last a very theatrical-looking wall of arches, with towers and battlements, arose across the Nile and seemed completed, sluices and all. But some thousands of men were needed to work the sluices and caulk them with rags, of which hundreds of tons was used annually. Every excuse was given for the sluices not being closed at high Nile, till at length an enterprising native official one day ventured to order all the sluices to be shut down, and the dam soon rose to a height it had never done before. The water, however, now spouted up above and below the Barrage, like a series of pent-up geysers; then the great wall of masonry quivered and began to crack, and finally prepared to slide away towards the Mediterranean! In vast haste the sluices were all opened, just in time to save the pretty but utterly insecure structure. The French engineers now all ran off and were nowhere to be found. Time



Assuan Dam: Commencing the Permanent Masonry, June, 1899.

The work was carried on by relays of 12,000 men, working by day and at night by electric light.

had gone on—Ismail ruled the land, the costly experiment had drained the exchequer, not irrigated the land. It was admitted to have cost four millions sterling, and was utterly useless. An expensive staff of native officials was constantly employed to keep these pretty castellated Barrage viaducts (for there are two) in repair, enjoying sinecure posts, for they did, and could do, nothing to hold up the water.

Then, in 1883, after Arabi's rebellion had been crushed by the British, the Indian engineers were brought over by Lord Dufferin's wise advice. The useless and unfortunate Barrage at once came under their notice. All the French engineers had

bolted and carried their plans with them. Then experts were called in. Sir John Fowler had advised the expenditure of more than a million sterling to underpin and in other ways try to make the dam hold water. Another great engineer advised half a million being spent in blowing it up, as an utterly useless impediment to the Nile's flow! Then Sir Colin Moncrieff offered, if given Mr. Willcocks' help, to save the whole structure and make it do this work, for £500,000. This was carried out, with perfect success. First, the Damietta branch was treated, found to be perfectly secured, and then the Rosetta arm of the Nile was repaired successfully. The whole work was



done for much less than the estimate. The French had carried off their plans. Mr. Willcocks had bored underneath the piers, and found there was no proper foundation, so he made coffer-dams, laid down "aprons" of cement above bridge and below bridge, deep down in the river's bed, strengthened all with piles, and poured cement into borings deep beneath his concrete floor. This cured the original faults of the structure and saved it. Both Barrages have been doing their beneficent work for a dozen years, and have long ago repaid to the state every penny of the cost of saving them. There the great bridge stands, a beautiful structure, doing its beneficent work of dou-

with. But the money—where was it to come from? several millions sterling were wanted. The French were still parties to the Dual Control, though they never did anything, save to refuse supplies, although the British were paying to the Caisse de la Dette millions of extra revenue every year earned by their honest working of the country.

At this time Lord Cromer and his splendid band of helpers may well have been disheartened. But Lord Cromer knows no such word as "fail," and still had faith that all would come right. His hopes were justified. One day Mr. John Aird, M. P., the great contractor (backed by a strong financial syndi-



*From a drawing by the late Edward Lear.*

The Old Method of Raising Water for Irrigation at Low Nile. This Plan has Been Followed for 5,000 Years.

bling the agricultural produce of the Delta. Poor old Mougel Bey, who had planned the pretty structure, was found in Cairo, in a starving condition, and was secured an annuity by British influence.

The saving of the Barrage having been accomplished with such beneficent results, the attention of Lord Cromer and his engineers was naturally called to the storing of the Nile flood, for Upper Egypt. So Mr. Willcocks, now regarded as the greatest authority on irrigation that the world had ever seen, was sent to survey the Nile for 1,000 miles, and report fully. He spent several years, and returned with five or more sets of plans, recommending two to be gone on

cate), waited on the government and offered to build (and ask for no money till the work was done) two reservoirs, and a lot of canals, so that they need not ask the Caisse de la Dette for anything. Sir Benjamin Baker came to the help of the government—Mr. Willcocks, disheartened that his plans were not carried out, having left the service—and with his great talents and experience the whole thing was soon settled, the contract accepted, and the works decided upon were started.

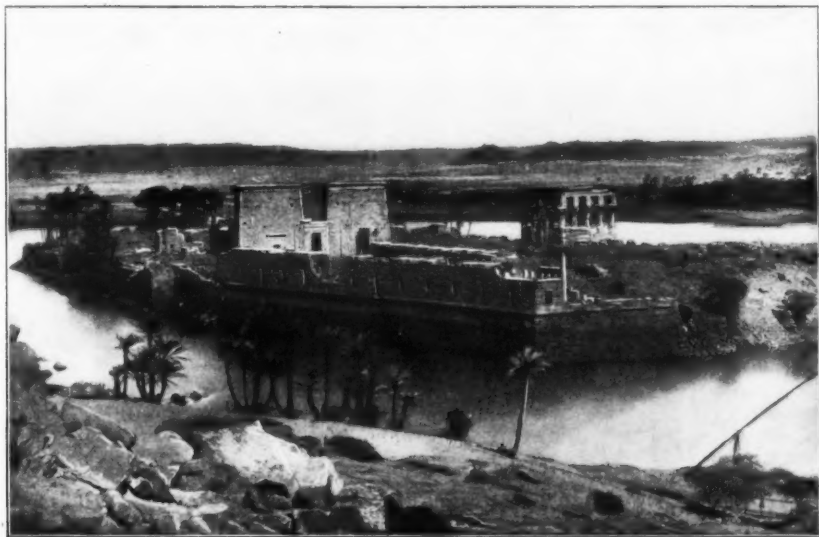
Let us now go back a little in this modern romance of the Nile. When the reservoirs planned by the great Willcocks were first made known to the world, and it was found





Colonnade of Nectanebo's Temple, Philæ.

This will be submerged when the dam is built.

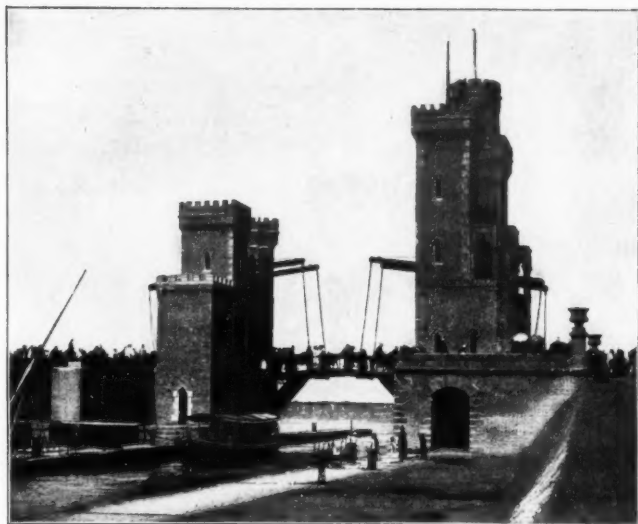


The Island of Philæ.

Looking north across the site of the great barrier wall of the dam now under construction.

that he, although offering six or seven sites for his cyclopean designs, really only highly recommended one, the construction of which would wipe out the island of Philæ, the loveliest spot on the Nile, there was a universal howl of opposition. This got to such a height that Sir W. Garstin and his engineers may have felt a grim kind of relief when

and the greatest engineering work that the world has ever seen was quietly started, and within a year 20,000 men were employed at Assouan and at the supplemental dam of Assiout. When the dam is completed and at its high level, Philæ will have its temple pylons, and a few of the higher ruins standing out of the water, just to mark where its



Cairo Barrage: One of the Lock Gates as Designed by Mougel Bey.

they found that the French would allow them no money from the Caisse to realize their schemes for storing the blessed water, and they had for a time to abandon the whole affair. So when, one fine morning, Mr. John Aird, Sir Benjamin Baker, and their friends, unexpectedly called at the Office of Works in Cairo, and offered to make any amount of dams, canals and locks, wherever they pleased, for nothing at all,\* in accepting their wonderful offer, the government cut down the level of the great reservoir by nearly one-half. Willcocks wanted to store up 120 feet of water, Sir Benjamin Baker was told to content himself with twenty metres (about sixty-five feet) of Nile storage.

And so the artists and the tourists and the general opponents to the drowning of Philæ were appeased, or at least silenced,

ancient beauties were; but all its loveliness, its verdure, its palms, several of its temples, its storied walls and its Nilo-meter, its colonnades, its Roman quays, will disappear beneath the waters. An island will be lost, but a continent will be saved! For my part, I would rather they had made Willcocks' cyclopean granite barrier of about a hundred and fifty feet (where the wall crossed the Bab el Kebir), and that the whole island had been sacrificed. The fragments left will

only serve to re-open the sad affair in people's minds. However, we must make the best of it. Even with the sixty-five feet of water in the reservoir great advantages will be gained for Upper Egypt. If we lose Philæ for the tourist and the artist and the archæologist, we will gain millions of acres more for the fellaheen's agriculture, and the revenue from the irrigation it will afford will double the return of annual income to the finances of the government—so much so that if the British were allowed a free hand, this increased revenue could be made in a short time to clear Egypt from debt.

Philæ has been so often described, photographed, and wept over, that people may be sick of the subject; but those who have not seen the place, will have, for two years to come, the chance of visiting the doomed "isle of beauty," and bidding it not "farewell," but adieu! In the meantime, and much in this spirit, I went there this past spring to see the wonderful engineering

\* The total cost will be five millions. This will be repayable by £166,666 per annum (for thirty years) after the completion of the reservoir. But the increased revenue from the extra water supply will bring in £400,000 a year to the Egyptian Government.

works of the great reservoir. Mr. Maurice Fitzmaurice, the engineer-in-chief of this stupendous undertaking, showed my party great kindness. We were allowed to take photographs of the operations in progress, and since then Mr. Fitzmaurice, Mr. De Courcy, Mr. John Aird, and Major Hanbury Brown (chief of irrigation at headquarters) have supplied me with views of the progress of the works. I illustrate this paper with some photographs of the scenery before these Titans began their labors at and near the island of Philæ. Some years since I lived opposite the sweet spot in a little cottage for a long time, in order to study what I felt was doomed to destruction, and I made a great collection of sketches and photo-

this and its parapets will form a handsome architectural viaduct. In order to secure a sound foundation for this great dyke of stonework, a trench had to be excavated in the granite rock, averaging 100 feet wide and deep, and where "faults" were found that might let the water escape, these foundations had to go down deeper still. All this vast trench was bedded with concreted rubble, and on this substructure the masonry is being raised. Already the Mohammed Ali Channel has been filled up and the water diverted, the Bab el Kebir Channel and others closed, blocked with huge stones torn from the trench and tied together with wire. These temporary "sudds" or dams prepare the way for the permanent



Assouan Dam: Temporary Sudd or Dam in Bab el Kebir, Almost on the Line of the Great Permanent Wall.

graphs to gratify me in my old age by the reminiscences they might happily recall. Some of these I insert without comment beyond the description beneath each illustration.

The works now in progress a few miles beyond Assouan consist mainly of a vast wall of masonry nearly two miles long, and averaging sixty feet high, above down stream, pierced by 180 openings, each containing sluices. These will be all of the late F. M. Stoney's patent—a wonderful invention, by which a child, by merely pressing a lever, can elevate or depress a huge mass of steel with this enormous pressure of water against it.\* A roadway will be carried along the top of the great wall, and

wall. So much was done this year that Mr. Fitzmaurice is sanguine the whole will be completed long before the appointed time. The scene when we visited these great works in spring was a strange contrast to

\* This great invention is in use at the Richmond Weir on the Thames, but the talented engineer who spent his life in perfecting it died just before the great Nile dam was contracted for. His only son and successor also died a few months later. The makers of these great sluices, without which the reservoir could hardly have been constructed (Messrs. Ransomes, of Ipswich), however, honorably carry on their manufacture for the benefit of the widows and children of the last inventors. I met Mr. Stoney in Egypt when his first sluice was set up and its efficiency established in Lord Cromer's presence, at the Cairo Barrage, some years ago. He was in high spirits at there being at last a chance of the work of his life being realized. Within a year he and his only son were carried off, but his invention will be realized now, on an enormous scale, and will be a great blessing to Egypt, simplifying the working of the reservoir and actually enabling one man to do the labor of a hundred.

the quiet, peaceful grandeur of the wilderness of desert, granite rock, and boulders, with here and there a green oasis of cultivation, decorated with tall date palms, which I had seen in previous visits. The giant Nile tossed and poured its white torrent among the rocky ravines that formed the cataracts. Above these the charming islet

had to be stopped at the end of July when the Nile began to rise; but all is left safe for the resuming of the work at the end of October.

One great principle was carried out at this enterprise, by the all-powerful mandate of Mr. Fitzmaurice. This is a Mahometan country, whose "day of rest" is Friday. In



Assiut Barrage, Showing Gradual Submersion of Piers, Which Have Been on the Concrete Floor. The sixteen large centrifugal pumps have now been removed and the water is, in consequence, rising with the enclosure. July, 1899.

of Philæ lay, imbedded in the river, its temples and pylons gleaming in the calm mirror of the placid water above the rapids. Now all was changed—a huge gash cut out of the rock in a straight line across the wide valley—the "cataracts" were being filled up. Railway trains were carrying superfluous stone towards the western bank for this purpose.

On the western bank itself the navigation canal was being cut out, and another railway line being laid there, too. The din was worst early in the day, when the blasting was being prepared for, which always took place at noon. Crowds of willing native workers appeared in every direction, directed quietly by the engineers and their intelligent subordinates. The work went on all day, and by electric light at night. It

Egypt all our officials have to work on Sunday, and are idle on Friday. When we took charge of Egypt, we had to accept this state of affairs. Lord Cromer, Sir W. Garstin, Major Brown and every Englishman, have still to be at their posts on Sunday. There are many Copts and many Greeks in the government service who are Christians, and yet have to be idle on Friday and at their work on Sunday. There are also Jews, who desire Saturday for their day of rest; but their wishes cannot be granted. Messrs. Aird & Co., being an independent British firm of contractors, could do as they liked. And so Mr. Fitzmaurice decreed that no man in their employment should work on Sunday. "A day of rest is needed, and shall be observed, and the work will go on from Monday morning early till Saturday night," was

his mandate. And all the 20,000 workmen cheerfully agreed to this wise ruling, and are the better for it.

I will leave the photographs to explain, better than any words of mine, how these cyclopean labors have been carried on at Assouan, and transport my readers to Assiout, where the great supplemental dam is being formed, as a part of the same contract. The works here are under another talented engineer, and, like Mr. Fitzmaurice, Mr. G. H. Stephens is a born ruler of men. He has had 11,000 men working night and day at his great dam and its huge wall and the navigation canal which accompanies it. This may seem, when compared with Assouan, a comparatively small affair, for it has only to "hold up" ten or twelve feet of water, to supply abundantly the great Ibra-

himieh Canal, which in its course supplies the ancient Bahr Yusuf, and will thus vastly increase the cultivable land on the margin of the Libyan Desert. But in many ways the Assiout weir is even more remarkable than a wall of granite founded on a rock. It is built on the bed of the Nile itself. Never once has rock been touched for the foundations. Mr. Willcocks had shown in his saving of the old Barrage that a permanent floor could be laid down on the river bed, which, properly constructed, would carry any weight of masonry fit to resist the pressure of any stream above it. This system is practically the one used in the Assiout Barrage.

The Assiout dam is half a mile long, and has a navigation lock at the west side. The river has been cofferdammed in sections,



Assouan Dam: Excavation of Great Trench, May, 1899.

and a masonry and concrete floor (forty feet below level of high Nile), laid down as a foundation, eighty-seven feet wide by ten feet thick. On this floor the superstructure is built. At both up and down stream sides of this floor cast-iron sheet piles are driven down to a further depth of thirteen feet, the joints of which are hermetically sealed by cement grout, so that no percolations can get below the foundations. Mr. Stephens kindly gave me excellent photographs showing the gradual progress of the work. The Barrage has 111 openings of about sixteen feet each, which will be supplied with ordinary sluices. The navigation canal lock will be fifty feet wide. This last year one-fourth of the whole work was done, and the wages paid (during June and July, for instance) were £1,500 per day.

The outlay at the Assouan dam was even greater, so that immense sums are spent among the natives of the country which the works are intended to benefit permanently. All the work done at both reservoirs was left safely above the highest water level till next season, and at Assiout no more coffer dams will be needed. There were 11,500 men employed at Assiout (and 8,500 at Assouan), when the work had to be stopped for the rising of the Nile. The walls at both places are of stone and cement. The blocks of stone were frequently so warm, owing to the fierce sunshine, that the men's hands were blistered in lifting them, and the heat of the place in June was 160° in the shade. But all has gone on, with scarcely an accident. There were a dozen cases of sunstroke, but only a very few deaths. It was remarked that those who drank too much liquid of any kind were most liable to it.

Let us now return to the Cairo Barrage. There are two separate Barrages, one for each branch of the Nile, and a wide canal in the centre at the island. Navigation canals, with locks, are at each side of each Barrage. In order to afford still greater security to the foundations of the French structure the authorities have been engaged recently in removing portions of the old subsoil under the concrete aprons (where thought weak) and forcing in liquid cement, instead, by hydraulic pressure. Major Brown, who specially concerns himself with this Barrage, has had constructed this year (entirely with native workmen, ably directed by Mr.

Brooke) a huge weir, above stream, across the river. This has been done by clearing the bed by means of diving apparatus, and then lowering boxes, about thirty feet by twenty feet, filled with stones and cement; on this the weir will be constructed of concreted rubble work. I was introduced to Mr. Brooke by Major Brown and taken all over the works. They were a most interesting sight, several thousand men being employed, all native agricultural laborers, but now so well taught that they worked like experts trained in England. Lines of cautious camels carried the stone, slung in nets; the strange beasts seemed to have learned their task well. All the work went on without a rude word, and men and animals seemed to need no forcing. Even the diving operations were conducted by natives—mixing and laying cement, measuring, surveying, all done by the fellaheen, after a few lessons from experts—showing wonderful adaptability and industry.

A huge railway was being carried across the Nile, supporting the derricks from which the boxes laden with concrete and stones were dropped into their exact positions in the bed of the Nile. These also will be protected beneath with aprons and slanting buttress work at each side. When completed on one arm of the Nile, the other branch will have similar treatment. The level gained by these two weirs will supply water to canals of higher level than before by five or six feet, and increase the area of cultivation to such an extent that the entire outlay will be repaid in a few years by the revenue derived therefrom.

A visit to the Cairo Barrage is a very pleasant excursion indeed. There are tiny railways, the comfortable little cars being propelled (something like Japanese jinrickshaws) by stalwart Arab lads. There is a beautiful park and garden between the two Barrages. The little kiosque (built for the Empress Eugenie's visit) is well worth seeing, and I can speak from experience of the pretty and hospitable quarters provided for the superintending engineer in the centre of a pretty garden. He can never leave his post by night or day. Although all that was possible has been done to save it, it might slide away to the Mediterranean again! The parapet is out of line still, where the wall began to move, but it is now hoped to be firmly anchored down at last.



# WHAT THE CABINET WANTS

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S SECRETARIES INDICATE THE MOST IMPERATIVE NEEDS OF THEIR DEPARTMENTS

By EDWARD H. COLEMAN

TWO well-known comedians of the vaudeville stage have as part of their performance a quarrel, in which they are seated at tables on opposite sides of the same room. Each writes a letter of fierce challenge to the other, reads it in a loud voice, and then, calling a servant, bids him post it in the waste basket. Every year six cabinet officers of the United States spend much time and money preparing voluminous reports, have them printed and tastefully bound, and then send them forth to their ultimate destination—the waste basket.

Yet there is much of deep and important interest to the American in these reports. They embody the careful thought and research of experts of all classes on all kinds of subjects from an increase in the personnel of the army to the domestic cultivation of tea. The Secretaries of War, Navy, Treasury, Interior, Agriculture and the Postmaster-General, all thoroughly review their departments and then forward the result, with recommendations, to the President. The reports are discussed at cabinet meetings, weighed and debated, and then the most important clauses are included in the President's annual message. This culmination, however, represents only another step in the journey to the individual citizen's waste basket, for who reads the President's message?

A man will loudly bewail the theft of a dollar in his shop, and at the same time view with unconcern, or with a shrug of the shoulders, the pilfering of thousands of the public money, yet as a taxpayer he is as immediately concerned with the one as with the other. He has no concern in the doings of these half dozen representatives of his at Washington who direct the policy of his nation and annually handle sums, one-tenth of which would have made Croesus' wealth insignificant in comparison.

In other words, you, the taxpayer—you, the free and enlightened citizen of these United States—do not care a snap of your

finger whether your Secretaries carry on the affairs of state for your benefit, or whether they shut up shop. And the reports these Secretaries prepare for you and your Congress, if you bother with them at all it is to hasten their exit *via* the waste basket and the junk dealer.

Appropos is a story told by Hon. John D. Long, the Secretary of the Navy. One of the important questions of his Department is the present price of armor for war ships.

Under an act authorized by Congress, March 3, 1899, he is prohibited from paying more than \$300 a ton, and at that extremely low figure he has found it impossible to secure bids from the manufacturers. To combat this Act of Congress, and to secure its repeal, the Secretary went to considerable length in the matter of expert advice and testimony. Proof positive that armor could not be made for \$300 a ton was incorporated in his report, and he also showed that the new ships authorized would be materially delayed to the great detriment of the service, as they could not be launched or put into commission without armor.

Several days after the President's message had been given to the press, Secretary Long chanced to overhear a conversation on one of the Pennsylvania Avenue cars. Two men were standing on the platform a few feet from where the Secretary sat. Said one:

"Have you read McKinley's message, Henry?"

"Only a word or two," was the indifferent reply. "Did you?"

"Yes. Say, what kind of a chap is that Secretary of the Navy, anyway?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's way off. It comes of putting some lawyer who don't know a scow from a 'Black Maria' in such an office. What do you think? He's raising Cain about our armored ships—says we don't need any armor. Humph!"

"And that," said the Secretary, in relating the story, "was the result on a citizen



of average intelligence of the Department's efforts to awaken interest in the armor question, which is of the most vital importance."

The last reports made by the cabinet officers embraced six books with a total of 794 closely printed pages. An inventory of the subjects treated would cover every branch of government work and describe the thousand and one details of that vast organization which looks after the welfare of our official life.

#### NINE VITAL NEEDS.

A personal canvass was recently made by the writer in Washington, and the opinions of the cabinet officers as to the most important features of their last reports were secured. In brief, these are as follows:

Secretary of War, Elihu Root:

*Improvement of army organization, especially the establishing of an army war college.*

Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long:

*The armor question, and the reward of our naval officers.*

Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage:

*The standard of money, and bank and currency.*

Secretary of the Interior, Ethan Allen Hitchcock:

*The necessity of revising existing pension laws.*

Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson:

*Public roads and domestic tea production.*

Postmaster-General, Charles Emory Smith:

*Abuse of second-class postal rates.*

When it is understood that these nine subjects were selected from a total of almost four hundred, all of which were of sufficient interest to warrant their mention in the annual reports, the extreme importance of the nine will be appreciated.

The Secretary of War's report is the most voluminous. In 302 pages is mentioned a number of distinctly military items with careful and important recommendations. The table of contents includes the latest news of the military operations in the Philippines, Cuba and Puerto Rico, financial administration in the islands, the transport service, insular government, operations in the United States, post exchanges, river and harbor improvements, the battlefield parks, statue of General Grant, the proposed Pacific cable, a strong recommenda-

tion that a memorial bridge be constructed in Washington, and the improvement of the army organization.

Secretary of War, Elihu Root, holds what is universally conceded to be one of the most trying and arduous of the portfolios. The details of his work are manifold, and the subjects calling for his daily attention are almost innumerable, yet in the short period of his incumbency he has been able to winnow from the great total of subjects one which he personally considers the most important. In his report to the President, under the caption of "Improvement of Army Organization," he said:

#### ARMY RE-ORGANIZATION.

"Before the 1st of July, 1901, when, under existing law, the present volunteer force must be disbanded and the present regular force restored to its peace basis of 26,610, we shall be compelled to face the practical necessity of providing for some increase of the regular army. It is manifest that however speedily the insurrection in the Philippines may be quelled, we shall be required to maintain for a long time in those islands a considerable force to furnish the protection which the inhabitants are entitled to receive from us, and to maintain order among the savage and semi-civilized tribes which still exist in nearly every island.

"Two propositions seem to be fundamental in the consideration of the subject:

"First: That the real object of having an army is to provide for war.

"Second: That the regular establishment in the United States will probably never be by itself the whole machine with which any war will be fought.

"The preparation of an army for war involves at least these four things:

"First: Systematic study by responsible officers of plans for action under all contingencies of possible conflict, and with this, study of the larger problems of military science and the most complete information of the state of the art, study of the constant improvements in implements and methods of warfare, and of the adaptability of improvements and inventions for the purpose of carrying out the plans devised, and study of the arrangement of territorial and tactical organizations, and the establishment of depots, camps, fortifications, and lines of communication with reference to these plans, so that all expenditures for each separate step of development may contribute toward

the practical realization of a comprehensive and consistent scheme.

"Second: The preparation of material of war, keeping pace with the progress of military science and adapted to the conditions to be anticipated when war shall arise.

Third: An adequate process of selection according to merit and effectiveness among the officers of the army, so that the men of superior ability and power may be known and placed in positions involving responsibility and authority.

"Fourth: The exercise and training of the officers and men of the army in the movements of large bodies of troops by brigade, division, and corps under conditions approaching as nearly as possible those to be anticipated in executing the plans devised for their action in war.

"I think the following steps may be taken to advantage:

#### THE WAR COLLEGE.

"(1) That an army war college should be established, which shall be composed of the heads of the staff departments, properly so called, and a number of the ablest and most competent officers of high rank in the army (including, of course, the major-general commanding), these officers to be detailed for service in the college for limited periods, so that while the college shall be continuous in records, character and performance, it shall continually and gradually change in its personal elements. It should be the duty of this body of officers to direct the instruction and intellectual exercise of the army, to acquire the information, devise the plans, and study the subjects above indicated, and to advise the commander-in-chief upon all questions of plans, armament, transportation, mobilization, and military preparation and movement.

"This college should have combined with it, reinforced and enlarged in its scope and effectiveness, the present division of military information of the adjutant-general's office, where its records and its conclusions should be preserved. It should not supersede, but should incorporate, continue and bring under the same general management the present service schools.

"(2) That every officer of the army below the rank of a field officer, and not already a graduate of one of the service schools, should be detailed for some fixed period during his service to receive instruction at this college in the science of war, including the duties of the staff, and in all matters

pertaining to the application of military science to national defense; that provision should be made for the continuance of such instruction by correspondence after the expiration of the period of each officer's detail, and that all officers should be invited and entitled to present, by written papers and reports, as a part of the regular course and for credit upon their efficiency records, the results of their investigations, explorations, reflections, and professional and scientific work, and upon such special subjects as may be prescribed by the college.

"(3) That all staff appointments other than medical should hereafter be made from the line of the army for a fixed period of, say, four or five years, the holder to return to the line at the end of the period, and not to be eligible to reappointment until after at least one year's service in the line, and that after the expiration of a reasonable period the selection of staff appointments should be made on the basis of proficiency and fitness, as shown in the war college (or heretofore in the service schools), including as elements for consideration both the work done during the period of detail, and the post-graduate work. Excepting, however, that such appointments should also be permitted for gallant and meritorious conduct in the field, shown by recommendations of commanding officers for brevet promotion made during the progress of a war, and excepting that for the technical and scientific branches of engineering, ordnance and signal service, examinations should be continued; that all promotions in the staff itself should be upon the basis prescribed for original appointment, combined with efficiency of service in the staff.

"(4) That the present system of promotion by seniority should be modified as to all officers now or hereafter below field rank, by making a specific proportion of the promotions to each grade for seniority, and a specific proportion on the basis either of efficiency records in the war college, or heretofore in the service schools, including both elements of work done during actual attendance and subsequent thereto, or for gallantry in the field during war, or both, accompanied in each case by evidence of faithful performance of the ordinary duties of the line.

"(5) That all selections of candidates for staff appointments, and for staff promotions, and for line promotions, other than those made for seniority, should be made by boards of officers appointed for that purpose, upon

an examination and estimate of the efficiency records exhibiting the grounds for appointment or promotion above stated. Nothing can be more important than that the officers of the army shall feel that their rise in rank depends upon what they do; that ability, intellectual activity, faithful performance of duty, and gallant conduct are more certain claims to preferment than social or political influence. A system of promotions which is divorced from the efficiency record is not merely unjust, but it destroys ambition and checks the effort of the army. The way to prevent the separation is by a systematic provision to enable every officer to show what there is in him, and to preserve a full record of what he does, by providing a competent and disinterested body to pass judgment on the record, and by a law making the judgment thus reached on this basis the imperative and sole ground of selection for promotion.

"Following these lines, and working through the methods which I have described, a permanent plan ought to be wrought out with the concurrence of the military authorities of the several states, and enacted by Congress for the creation of a war army composed of both regulars and volunteers whenever such an army is required. The part to be taken by the regular army in the new organization, and the part to be taken by the volunteers, should be prescribed, and the parts should be so assigned that the new organization shall have the fullest possible benefit of the preparation of the regular army.

"The value and importance of securing during the time of peace information as to the capacity and fitness of civilians instructed in military affairs, and available for volunteer commissions, cannot be overestimated. It was well illustrated by the great advantage which we had in appointing the officers of the present volunteer force by reason of having in the War Department the efficiency records of their service during the war with Spain. Without some such information all names are alike. When war has come, or is imminent, there is no time for examination or investigation. There are too many officers to be appointed in too short a time. Efficiency records can be established not only in war, but in peace, also. Courage may fairly be assumed among Americans, and intellectual and moral qualities can be ascertained and recorded in the way I have indicated.

"The foregoing considerations naturally

bring to mind the Military Academy at West Point. I believe that the great service which it has rendered the country was never more conspicuous than it has been during the past two years. The faithful and efficient services of its graduates since the declaration of the war with Spain have more than repaid the cost of the institution since its foundation. They have been too few in number and most heavily burdened.

"The capacity of the academy is not sufficient for the present needs of the army on a peace footing. It will be far more deficient for the army with the absolutely necessary increase. Preparation for the greater army which we should be ready to create in case of future war should be made. Our experience during the past two years has shown that we had not too many trained officers, but too few, both in the staff and in the line, and both ought to be increased. I urgently recommend that the capacity of the academy be enlarged and the number of its students increased."

The Honorable John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, has under his supervision all that pertains to the government naval establishment. This secretaryship was considered more or less of a sinecure among politicians for a number of years, but since the new navy was commenced it has grown in importance, until it is now rated among the highest of the cabinet portfolios. His last report to the President touches on many noteworthy subjects, including the increase in the navy, the naval operations of the past year, a recommendation as to sub-marine boats, the personnel of the service, ocean and lake surveys, coaling stations, the Pacific cable, naval ordnance, the Marine Corps, the Naval Militia, navy yards, estimates and appropriations, the armor question, and the reward of naval officers.

#### REWARDING NAVAL OFFICERS.

This latter subject is very near to the Secretary's heart, and it forms emphatically the most important item in his report. He says on this subject:

"The Department renews its recommendation of last year for a change in the present law for rewarding officers for conspicuous conduct in battle and for extraordinary heroism. The injustice of the present system is apparent. The promotion of an officer over the heads of other officers operates as a reduction of the latter in rank, and also delays them in securing the increased pay

which accompanies regular rise in grade. In other words, the promotion is made not at the expense of the government, which should bear it, but at the expense of the unfortunate officers who are overslaughed, and who are thus punished, although faithful to every duty and only unfortunate in lacking the opportunity for conspicuous conduct or heroism.

"The spirit of the navy is so good that I am sure this is painful to the officer promoted as well as the officer reduced. The Department therefore again urges that legislation be enacted providing that advancement in rank for services rendered during the war with Spain shall not interfere with the regular promotion of officers otherwise entitled to promotion, and that officers so advanced to higher grade by reason of war service shall be carried as additional to the numbers in each grade to which they have been promoted. The Department submitted to Congress at its last session a bill substantially to this effect, which is printed as Senate Bill No. 5,006, and to which attention is invited.

"While those engaged in the battle of Manila have been deservedly rewarded—and no men ever deserved reward more richly—those who took part in the operations at Santiago, displaying the same conspicuous conduct and extraordinary heroism, have received no recognition whatever for their great services except the recommendations for promotion by the President, which have lapsed, not having been acted upon by the Senate.

"The Department believes it due to these gallant men to suggest that their services be recognized and equal justice done them, and that, in accordance with the statute in such cases made and provided, you, the President, recommend that the thanks of Congress be given to the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic squadron and to the officers and men under his command, as they were given in the case of the commander-in-chief and officers and men of the Asiatic squadron. The North Atlantic squadron was charged with great and exacting duties, including the blockade of Cuba, co-operation with the army, and the pursuit, blockade and capture or destruction of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera, all which it discharged with signal efficiency. It was a campaign of great scope and enormous responsibilities, and was brought to a successful and glorious consummation, which terminated the war by the destruction of

the Spanish sea power. It was marked by unsurpassed precision, brilliancy and vigor. That the men who by such achievements earned their country's gratitude have received no reward from its government is an omission which, it cannot be doubted, will be cordially and generously repaired.

"If reward by the present system of promotion is abandoned, as above suggested, the Department renews its suggestion embodied in Senate Bill 5,005, introduced at the last session of Congress, which provides for medals of three classes—one for conspicuous conduct in war, one for extraordinary heroism, and one for general meritorious service—the first to carry with it a percentage of increase of pay, based upon the rank of the recipient, and calculated to take the place of the increase which would be the result of promotion were that form of reward continued. It is believed that such a medal, worn during life and transmitted as an inheritance, will be far more grateful to a deserving officer than a promotion in rank at the expense of a comrade."

The opinion of Lyman J. Gage, the Secretary of the Treasury, as to the most important feature in his latest official report did not need a second asking. He was earnest in his statement that to banking and to currency should be given the honor of first place. His report on these two subjects covers many thousand words of which the following summary represents the fundamental points:

#### BANKING AND CURRENCY.

"The development of our legislation during the last thirty-six years, which covers the history of the national banking act and all amendments thereto, has thrown upon Congress a large responsibility for the effective working of that agency known as the bank. There seems to be, in some directions, an opinion that by the grace of government these institutions are established as a privilege to certain persons so favored; that they have no real occasion to be; that at best they are parasitical plants, drawing life and nourishment from the industrial tree to which they are attached, and to the well-being of which they contribute nothing. If this were true, no duty could be more immediate than to repeal all laws which give them existence, and, by one sweeping prohibitive act, forbid the exercise of their function.

"Whether it was wise for the general gov-

ernment to legislate at all concerning them it would be useless now to discuss. It is sufficient that this has been done, and by action, permissive in certain particulars and prohibitive in others, there have been evolved some 3,500 national banking institutions. Like other agencies which time has developed and made operative in the natural relations of men to each other, banks are valuable for the service they perform for the social whole. They are to be considered in this light alone. They ought neither to be made recipients of public favor or bounty, nor unduly constrained in those particulars where a proper liberty will insure to them a needful power for useful service.

"Important as is the establishing of our money standard upon a safe and enduring basis, important as is the guarding of the national demand obligations by adequate reserves, these alone will still leave our financial system exposed to evils which ought to be cured. These evils arise out of our situation as it relates to the currency.

"While stability in the currency should be safely guarded, *flexibility*—the power of needful expansion—must also be provided. The exercise of this power, with proper limitations and restrictions, must be entrusted to the bank. There is no other agency that can wisely and efficiently execute it. In fact, the banks do exercise that power now in regard to the larger part of that element which, rightly understood, really constitutes the currency.

"It is a popular delusion that the bank deals in money. Money is an incident in its dealings—an important incident, no doubt—but, truly speaking, an incident only. The bank deals in *credits*. For a consideration, varying according to time, place and circumstance, it gives to the public with whom it deals its own debt obligations in exchange for the debt obligations of its dealers and customers. The obligations of the bank thus created are generally evidenced by a credit upon its books to the dealer, who has the right to draw upon it by his checks or drafts as his convenience may be served.

"The constant interchange of credits between the bank and its dealers, with the enormous volume of checks and drafts passing between buyer and seller, constitute in the broadest sense the currency of the country. It is these instruments which trade uses in much the larger part of all its operations. Money—real money, gold or silver—plays but a small part in the multitudinous exchanges. The total money of the country

—metallic and paper—is less than two thousand millions, while the 'deposits' of the commercial banks, state and national, aggregate more than four thousand millions.

"Whence comes this excess of two thousand millions on deposit? It represents, as, indeed, does the whole deposit fund, the unused credits belonging to the bankers' public, temporarily at rest in the bankers' hands. But the period of such rest is extremely short. Through the clearing houses of the country, this great fund is each month invaded by checks and drafts to the total of more than eight thousand millions. By this calculation, in one-half of one month the whole deposit fund would be exhausted; and so it would were it not that the recipients of these checks themselves prefer a credit upon their bankers' books. Thus it comes that these checks and drafts are rather instruments for the transfer of property and credit than for the realization of money.

"They, however, perform in our domestic commerce and trade the same function that the dollar note of the government, or the fractional silver coin, performs—that is to say, they are the agency by which goods are passed from one to another, and by which trade accounts are settled. Thus it would appear that in the department of our commercial life, where checks and drafts and bank credits constitute the real currency, the movement of expansion and contraction is now governed by the mutual action of the banks and the business public.

"If what is above written is true, it must be recognized that in the larger affairs of our commercial life, the 'currency' supply is, as a rule, equal to the demand. In other words, when the operations of trade are in their usual and regular groove, bank credits, with the accessories of checks and drafts, furnish all the mechanism of exchange that trade requires. With a periodical regularity, however, clearly marked, occurring year after year with the autumnal season, these instruments of exchange are proved to be inefficient for the service then required. Then the crops are to be harvested, the labor cost paid. The grain and the cattle are to be marketed. The Western bankers and merchants who have funds or credit at rest with the bankers in the financial centers find that checks and drafts are not suited to the purposes now in question. The bank credit is all right *per se*, but the form in which that credit is evidenced is not convenient. What they need for these uses is a form of



credit instrument easily recognized by the people, one convenient as to denomination, and one which will pass from hand to hand without being questioned. In short, their need is for paper money, or hard cash.

"Now, subject to one limitation—that of safety to the note holder, a qualification never to be disregarded—it is impossible for any one to name a good reason why the indebtedness of the banker in this field of the exchanges should not be expressed as freely in his notes of hand of convenient size as in one consolidated entry to the credit of his dealer upon his books of account. It is precisely at this point that difficulty, embarrassment, and loss are occasioned. What would be a natural, economical and effective operation, is by the inhibitions and restrictions of law now made impossible. In a state of freedom, the extraordinary wants of the country at harvest time would be largely, if not wholly, met by the conversion of bank balances, not available for these general purposes, into bank notes or paper money. These, performing their function, would again return when their service was ended, to be again transformed into "balances in bank," where, through the medium of checks and drafts, the larger commercial uses would be better served.

"I have said that the present inhibitions and restrictions of the law make this natural course impossible. The prohibitive tax of 10 per cent. upon the notes of state banks, and the unreasonable restrictions and conditions imposed upon national banks as a condition of note issues by them, are pointed to in justification of this statement.

"It is the general theory of our government that the largest liberty should be enjoyed by the people, subject only to such restraints as the welfare and safety of the whole may require, and in the field of banking it may be affirmed that this principle should be observed."

The table of contents in the first part of the report made recently by the Secretary of the Interior, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, contains 127 separate items. These include many diverse subjects, and when it is known that the Secretary of the Interior has full charge over land offices, Indian affairs, pensions, the Patent Office, the census, geological surveys, education, the territories, the National Park and reservations, and about sixty various institutions, it will readily be seen that he would find it difficult to select the most important subject.

#### REVISING PENSION LAWS.

His decision that the pension question is at least one of the most important in his department is borne out by the fact that the "annual value" of the pension roll, that is, the amount of money required to pay one year's pension to persons then on the roll, was \$131,617,961 on June 30, 1899, the last account made. It is interesting to note, in passing, that 991,519 persons are drawing pension money from the government, and that, up to the end of the fiscal year there have been filed 17,560 army and navy claims on account of service in the war with Spain.

Secretary Hitchcock says in his report:

"The Commissioner of Pensions calls attention to the recommendations in previous reports as to the necessity for a thorough revision of the pension laws. He states:

"In my last annual report I made the following recommendation which I desire to commend to your careful consideration, viz:

"Since the passage of the general law of July 14, 1862, there have been numerous laws amendatory, special and general, with the many rulings and decisions interpreting the laws, until the whole system is a most complex and wonderful network or labyrinth of laws and legal opinions, to the end that a precedent may be cited for any action of this bureau.

"The importance of this work is such, and the demands upon the revenue of the government so great, with a prospect of much greater in the near future, that I am of the opinion that, in order to secure reliable, intelligent and uniform practice in the future, a commission should be appointed on the revision of the laws, rules and regulations governing the issuance of pensions."

"This should be done, especially to meet future conditions. With our present laws and established practice there can be no uniformity in pensioning. The beneficiaries are dissatisfied, and there is general criticism.

"An early revision and codification of the pension laws is, in my judgment, highly desirable, and I therefore earnestly commend the commissioner's recommendations in the premises to the favorable consideration of Congress."

The Department of Agriculture is the youngest member of the cabinet family, but in the few years of its existence it has become an invaluable aid to that most impor-

tant part of our body politic—the rural classes, the farmers, and those living in the smaller towns. Secretary James Wilson, now at the head of the Department, lays special stress upon the subject of good roads. On this point he says:

#### PUBLIC ROADS.

"Something has been done during the past year by the Office of Public Road Inquiries to ascertain what can be accomplished in making roads by the use of the material found in the several states. Co-operation has been had with the experiment stations of several states in making steel roads, macadamized roads, and gravel roads. The people of all the states are very much interested in the improvement of their public highways. There is a great demand upon the Department of Agriculture for assistance in road making, in addressing the students at our agricultural colleges, and in giving instruction regarding the best methods of using what material may be found convenient. Publications have been sent out from the Department covering the several features of road making, and for these there is great demand. Much attention is being given to this subject by the legislatures of the several states of the Union.

"I am of the opinion that it would be wise to have the resources of the Eastern, Southern, Middle and Western states carefully inquired into by the appointment of competent men in each of these sections, who would ascertain and report upon the road, making material obtainable, and at the same time give instruction in the actual construction of roads. There is also a necessity for scientific inquiry into the composition of road material in the several sections of our country, and the facility with which these materials when brought together combine to make good highways. Many sections of our country have within reach hard rock from which good roads can be made. Other sections are entirely lacking in this regard, and must, in my opinion, eventually look to steel tracks for supplying permanent good roads.

"The great activity among the people of the United States during this fall, and the necessity of getting facts for use in the several localities of our country, induce me to recommend that Congress increase the appropriations of this office sufficiently to justify the appointment of four experts, so that information can be gathered regarding valuable road material and co-operation be

had with experiment stations, colleges and universities, and with the men of enterprise who are now actively seeking such information and such assistance."

The cause of the annual deficit is the subject considered as most important in his report by Postmaster-General, Charles Emory Smith. In the Department's report to the President, the Postmaster-General says:

#### POSTAL DEFICIT.

"The most urgent need of the postal service is the rectification of the enormous wrongs which have grown up in the perversion and abuse of the privilege accorded by law to second-class matter. This reform is paramount to all others. There are many improvements and advances waiting development and application; there are opportunities for speedier transmission and delivery; there are fields for broadening the scope of the mail service and bringing it closer home to the people; there are possibilities of reduced postage; but above and beneath and beyond all of these measures of progress, which experience and intelligence are working out, is the redemption of the special concession which Congress granted for a distinct and justifiable public object from the fungus growths and the flagrant evils that have fastened upon it.

"For this costly abuse, which drags on the Department and weighs down the service, trammels its power and means of effective advancement in every direction. It involves a sheer wanton waste of \$20,000,000 or upwards a year. The postal deficit for the current year is \$6,610,776. But for this wrongful application of the second-class rate, instead of a deficit there would be a clear surplus of many millions. With such an ample margin the possibilities of practical improvements are apparent.

"If this deadly burden upon the mails were removed the Department could hopefully enter upon a systematic policy of enlarged and progressive service with the assurance that sound business management and increasing facilities would bring commensurate returns which would not be swallowed up in the maw of private interests without any public advantage. This misapplication of a legitimate public object to strictly personal ends not only entails a large loss and taxes all the people for the benefit of a few, but it cripples the Department and obstructs needed improvements."



# TEN YEARS' TRIAL\*

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE

### By BRIG-GEN. CHARLES KING

#### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Eric Langdon, Lieutenant of Artillery, U. S. A., in garrison on the Pawnee River, has married a shallow and extravagant wife. In the fourth year of their marriage Mrs. Langdon dies, leaving her husband swamped in debt. In his embittered state he at times seeks the solace of liquor. Lieut. Langdon has two good friends, brothers-in-arms, Ronald May and Major Melville. But he has also an insidious enemy, Captain Nathan, a purse-proud, cowardly snob, who rejoices in Langdon's every misfortune. Finally, when he has struck one of his brother officers for insulting Major Melville's niece, Captain Nathan has him arrested and court-martialed. The verdict is dishonorable dismissal, but before he leaves the garrison, Langdon upbraids Captain Nathan for the hatred he has shown and makes the prophecy, that in ten years' time their relative positions shall be reversed. Captain Nathan does not find his popularity in the post increase after Langdon's dismissal. Meanwhile Langdon is in Chicago, trying to secure a position on a railroad. He is weak with hunger and the sense of his disgrace is strong upon him. The superintendent of the railroad is about to engage Langdon. One of the directors is a friend of Captain Nathan and from him has learned much of the inside history of the post, including Langdon's dismissal. As soon as this director finds that the man seeking a job is Langdon, he tells him to get out of the office. Langdon goes away miserable. He is in an almost fainting condition as he wanders through the streets, when he is taken in charge by two soldiers in uniform, who recognize him. Langdon is taken by these soldiers to Fort Sheridan, just outside Chicago. At the fort is Nelson, a classmate and former chum of Langdon's who has the sick man put to bed in his own room. Dr. Armistead, the assistant surgeon, is called. In him Langdon recognizes the man, with whom his wife's name has been unfortunately linked during her career in Washington. Langdon falls into a frenzy of hate. Armistead retreats, requesting Nelson to send for Major Bloodgood, his senior. Later Major Bloodgood is astonished to learn that Dr. Armistead has left the fort without his permission.

#### IV.

It was a week before Langdon was allowed to sit up, and a weak and fragile thing he looked. But, meantime, there had been sport for Chicago papers at Sheridan. There usually is. To begin with, Dr. Bloodgood had pitched into his assistant for quitting the post without his knowledge or consent. Armistead replied that while it might have been without his consent, it should not have been without his knowledge as the same means had been taken of notifying the post surgeon as in the case of the commanding officer—a note sent by Armistead's servant saying that a telegram had just called him to Chicago on most urgent personal business. The train would be along in twenty minutes. There was barely time to change uniform for civilian dress and run for it. There was no time to hunt up both the post surgeon and commanding officer. The servant declared he rang four times at the doctor's, and, getting no answer, concluded that the gale had deadened the sound of the bell, and such effort was useless. So he crammed the note under the door and went his further way. But Bloodgood was in ill humor. In all that raging storm he had to struggle about the big post in answer to demands for medical services, and he said things in his spleen that reached the ears of Dr. Armistead before the eve of another day and led to an open breach between the senior and junior practitioner of the post.

Dr. Bloodgood asked the colonel commanding if he had seen the telegram Dr. Armistead asserted had come to him from town. The colonel had not, and considered Dr. Armistead's word as conclusive. Dr. Bloodgood intimated that he had reason to believe, and so had other officers, that it wasn't the coming of a wire from town, but a man, that drove Armistead out of the post. Through clerks, orderlies and kitchen door cackle the affair got out in exaggerated shape. Then flamed the columns of Chicago's unterrified press with headlines of startling proportions. "Another Scandal at the Fort! Duel Nipped in the Bud! Row in the Regiment! Further Sensations Sure to Follow! Colonel Sharp Defies the Press! Prominent Officers Arrested!" And in twenty-four hours what had been a placid and fairly orderly military community was engulfed in a whirlpool of gossip and prostrated at the contemplation of its own enormities as portrayed by the papers. Sharpe was driven nearly rabid by the reporters, who dogged his every movement and besieged his quarters morn, noon and night. Bloodgood refused, flat-footed, to be "interviewed," and Armistead shut his mouth like a clam, thereby compelling some journalists to improvise the desired statements.

It was from the inspired columns of the *Palladium* that the colonel first learned that the cause of the whole trouble was "the

\* "Ten Years' Trial" began in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for December.

presence at the post of a man recently dismissed in disgrace from the Army, but who in defiance of law, regulations and common decency is now concealed in the quarters of Lieutenant Nelson, a former classmate. The man in question was, until his dismissal, a lieutenant in the artillery, but his peccadilloes, extending over a period of years, had culminated in a cowardly assault on a brother officer at Fort Pawnee," and Sharpe sent for Nelson and demanded the facts. Nelson unerringly gave them, and said his friend was prostrated still and the doctor forbade his being disturbed or seen, which was all there was to the assertion that he was concealed. The colonel felt, somehow, that Langdon's presence at the post was a thing he ought to object to, and he did. "See what an infernal bobbery it has kicked up!" said he. "Now they'll be demanding an explanation from me at Washington, and what the devil am I to say? You ought to have consulted my wishes before harboring a man in Mr. Langdon's plight."

"I did not invite poor Langdon out here, colonel," answered Nelson. "Two of our men found him fainting and exhausted in town and mercifully brought him here. I put him to bed in my quarters as a matter of course, and if that's a military offense, I'll stand any punishment a court-martial may inflict. As to Armistead and Langdon, beyond the fact that there is some deep feeling between them, I know nothing. There is no likelihood of their meeting, and when Langdon is strong enough to move he will need no hint from headquarters or anywhere else."

Then the colonel said something about reporters, which being interpreted, was the reverse of complimentary, and not altogether just, because, like soldiers, these hapless toilers have their orders and cannot but obey. They were sent to Sheridan to get something sensational—"something to make the paper sell," and the fellow that came back empty-handed—none of them did, of course—stood in danger of discharge. The colonel really wanted to know the nature of the telegram that called Dr. Armistead so suddenly to town. The senior surgeon, Lieutenant Nelson, and one or two others had intimated that it was not the coming of the telegram, but Langdon, that set him going. Investigation, however, developed the fact that a telegram really had been received and delivered to Dr. Armistead. The operator could not be required

to disclose the nature of the same, it being a private dispatch, yet the colonel thought he ought to know if for no other reason than to be able to set at rest the rumors at Armistead's expense, and before he had time to think it all over and decide with wisdom, as ill-luck would have it, he met Armistead in front of headquarters, and beckoned him aside.

"Dr. Armistead," said he, "in justice to yourself it might be well to let me see the dispatch you received the other night. You—may have heard that other motives have been assigned to your going so hurriedly to town."

"I have heard, sir," was the doctor's spirited rejoinder; "also of the inquiries of certain of your officers of the operator. In my state we shoot men who stoop to such practices. Up here you seem to encourage them."

The colonel flushed hotly. "Have a care, Dr. Armistead. Language like that has led to the loss of more than one commission. I do not resent your words as they deserve, because I know the strain you are under and the annoyance you—we all—have had. I repeat that it seems due to yourself to dispel this—uncertainty," and, uncertainly, the colonel paused.

"Then let me say here and now, Colonel Sharpe, that if you mean to show that telegram, I decline. As for Mr. Langdon, after all that has been published and said, he has got to meet me the moment he is well enough."

The colonel's orderly, muffled to his ears in his heavy overcoat, stood within easy range, intently eyeing some object far out on the stormy lake, but as intently listening.

"Orderly," said the colonel, impatiently, "take these letters to Mrs. Sharpe and say I won't be home to luncheon, and go and get your dinner." Then, when the soldier was well beyond ear shot, the colonel turned on the fiery young Virginian. "Dr. Armistead," said he, impressively, "you may judge for yourself as to the telegram, but for the present I have simply to warn you to keep your temper and—away from Mr. Langdon. There's to be no meeting between you two in or around this post. Understand that, and—good-day to you, sir."

This was four days after Langdon's arrival, and by another day the Chicago papers had reached Pawnee, and served as fuel to the flame of excitement already in full blast. To begin with, Old Hurricane, Langdon's faithful valet and servant, had been be-

queathed to the care of Rodney May and Woodrow; had been given a little room back of the main mess building, and, in somebody's cast-off dress suit, appeared as butler one evening at dinner. A Virginia education had made him familiar with every detail of such duties, and his grizzled pate, and lined, pathetic face went far to equip him to look the character. To Langdon's friends among the boys it seemed most fitting that the lonely old negro mourning for his beloved master, should be cared for by their number, but Langdon's friends were not too numerous now that he was some weeks gone from their midst, and Nathan, Torrance and satellites of theirs had the floor. It pleased Mr. Torrance one evening to speak brutally to the old servitor, and then contemptuously of his former employer, and when May and Woodrow heard of the shabby affair they hunted up Torrance and demanded the reason for his outbreak. The particulars of that encounter never got out, but a small party of cronies first cut Torrance and then "cut" loose from the club. Taking Hurricane with them, they set up housekeeping for themselves, and this new establishment was in smooth running order, very harmonious and companionable, when the Sheridan news was received, whereas there were still dissensions at "the mess." The married men had all club privileges, of course, but no seat at table. The fifteen or twenty bachelors who, thrice a day, had been accustomed to commune together over the board, had taken much comfort in Hurricane's colonial dignity of manner and consummate knowledge of a butler's duty. They were annoyed that Torrance should have taken it upon himself to abuse a servitor who was in no wise in his pay or under his authority, but, having failed to pass the vote of censure proposed

by May, Woodrow and LeDuc, or to take any measure whatever to insure their butler against further abuse, they had precipitated the secession of six of their choicest spirits, and, with the six, had lost Hurricane. When it was too late some of the main establishment thought they "ought to do something," for the six who seceded were gen-



"Have a care, Dr. Armistead. Language like that has led to the loss of more than one commission."

tleman, and, if one might judge from language and conduct, Torrance was not. Wealth, won with his lackadaisical wife, had made him arrogant; but nothing could make him popular. The membership of the officers' club included the entire commissioned list of the garrison, cavalry, artillery and staff. "Cat," of course, was president, but Mrs. Cat had her objections to his giv-

ing much time to social enjoyment within its walls, and the doughty veteran who had led a dozen dashing charges during the great war, and who bore the scars of more than one sharp scrimmage with the redskins on the frontier, was no match for his better half in domestic encounter. Mrs. Cat had convictions, one of them being that a married man should eat and drink only in the presence and company of the partner of his joys and woes. This insured his getting only what was good for him. Cat, as a consequence, saw very little of the club. Its vice-president, an easy-going old soul, exercised no control, he professing to believe that such powers were vested only in the chief. Melville but rarely set foot within its doors. When he did, however, it was marvelous to note the effect. Altercation ceased, argument tempered, voices toned down, and orders for drinks diminished to next to nothing. In its earlier stages the club had been likened by a witty and observant woman to the Roaring Camp immortalized by Bret Harte, and occupants of quarters contiguous to or within hail of its limits were loud and frequent in their complaints. "Roaring Camp" was still the name by which the many garrison wits, mostly women, referred to it, and its members had so far succumbed to the force of circumstances as to fall into the way of saying they were going to "Camp" when they meant to the club. Taking it by and large, however, the Pawnee Club had been a fairly harmonious organization. If its cigars were not the best to be found in the army, its stories were not the worst, and as for the mess feature, Pawnee's table was said to be quite the peer of that of Leavenworth or "the Point."

But the mess needed a head, the senior officer not having been provided with more than the outward and visible sign thereof. He was a veteran captain of cavalry, long left a widower. He presided with ponderous dignity at the board, but had neither weight in deliberation nor force in discipline. "The boys" overrode him completely, and when discussion became fierce or heated, he lost all semblance of control. The secession of so many bright, brainy juniors, all battery officers, proved a sore blow. Other cliques speedily developed. There was an element among the cavalymen in which Eric Langdon's case had excited profound sympathy, and the more these fellows saw and heard of Nathan and Torrance the less they liked them, and the more they felt for Langdon. But the anti-Langdonites, if not actually in

the majority, were most in evidence, for they at least had organization and energy. Conscious of the growing feeling for Langdon and against them, they were seeking every opportunity to heap further obloquy on his name. They turned up day after day with some new story at his expense for the truth of which they declared some reliable person was ready to vouch, and, as their hearers had no information on the subject, the most they could do was to look incredulous. It was one evening, late, when Nathan and Torrance were been holding forth at some length, and most of the cavalry crowd had slipped away to the card or billiard room, that at last one of the troopers who had long feigned not to hear anything that was being said, emerged from the screen of the morning paper and drawled:

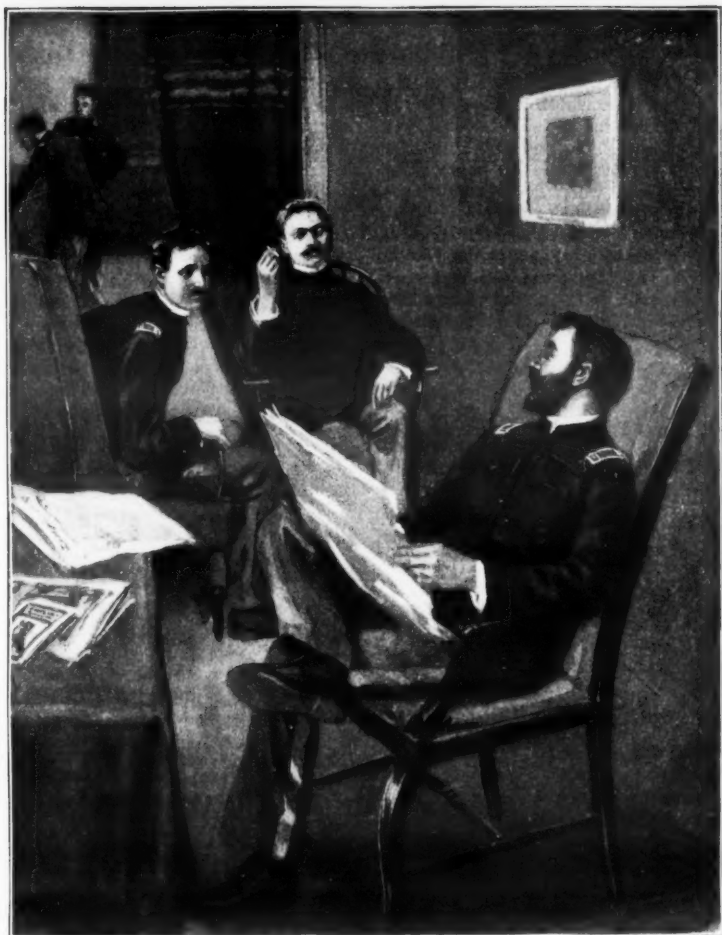
"Seems to me you fellows have to expend lots of ammunition killing a man you declare to be dead. If he's the damned cad you say he is, how does it happen that Melville corresponds with him?"

"Melville's too soft-hearted to refuse to answer his letters," answered Torrance, impatiently. "They're probably begging letters, anyhow."

"They're not," said the trooper, "'cause I've seen 'em. As to being soft-hearted, I was with Melville in that Modoc business when Squirt Tainter had to resign; and when he cut Jimmie Gannon dead. I'll bet you what you like Melville would fire you, Nathan, quick as he did Tainter, or cut you, Torrance, dead as he did Gannon if you deserved it as they did. But he stands up for Langdon."

"I've said before, *Captain Channing*," replied Nathan, with pronounced emphasis on the title, turning the color of his stripes and half way round in his chair, "Major Melville does not know Langdon. As for Tainter, any man who played the damned coward as he did would have to expect court-martial at least, and Melville let him off the public disgrace he deserved. He was a shame to the regiment. As for Gannon, there was a woman in that case, and—others cut him as well as Melville."

"W-e-l-l now, hold on, Nathan," drawled Channing, drawing his lean length from the depths of an easy chair in which he was sprawled. "I was stationed at Frisco about that time, and I know quite as much of the business as you do who happened to be in Europe on leave, as I remember when your regiment got into that campaign—"



"Seems to me you fellows have to expend lots of ammunition killing a man you declare to be dead."

"My battery wasn't in it!" interposed Nathan, hastily.

"And," continued Channing, placidly, "Tainter isn't the only man to find the perils of Indian fighting too much for his nerve. We had a case in my regiment and—there are others. As for cutting Gannon, it's true others did it, but not until after Melville set the example. If Langdon was half as bad as you make him out, Melville wouldn't be backing him for employment at this minute, and you wouldn't be taking such pains to prove your side of the case, which, by *gad* isn't mine."

"All right," sneered Nathan, rising uneasily and making for the door in evident discomfiture over Channing's pointed remarks. "I'm betting you and Melville will be wishing you had left bad enough alone before you are many months older, and I don't envy you if the colonel happens to hear of your taking up the cudgels for the man he court-martialed. Come on, Torrance!"

"No fear, he won't hear," drawled Channing. "Non-conductors are scarce in *your* set, Nathan. Good-night to you—both."

That episode led to split number two in

the mess. Channing's words were held by Nathan's few followers as "a slur on the artillery," and he was asked to withdraw them. He wouldn't. He said they applied only to Nathan's immediate circle, which included, to the best of his belief, only three, or possibly four, officers of artillery. The mess divided against itself, and this was the condition of affairs when the Chicago papers came, telling of the tremendous events at Sheridan. It so happened that Mrs. Torrance was giving a reception that afternoon—that Mrs. Melville had "regretted" some days previous, but that Miss Ethel Grahame, the very attractive young woman referred to as "devoted to riding," in an earlier chapter, had been induced, much against her will, to go in place of her aunt. There were many "points" to this girl, as the most *blasé* man in the batteries, Mr. Santley, had twice remarked, but later he had given it as his opinion that for a girl who hadn't a penny, she was too—superior, you know. Santley had been twice abroad, had a little money, and about as little sense, had cast his lot with the Nathan contingent as more congenial and productive of dinners. Yet he had spent more evenings at Melville's than anywhere else in the garrison. Melville, always courteous to him, but never communicative, could not have been the attraction, especially as the major had a way of withdrawing to his study with certain of his officers on several evenings in the week and working out problems in the War Game. Santley was no student. He hated books, but he loved a pretty face, and that Ethel Grahame's was pretty beyond peradventure not more than five women at Pawnee could be brought to deny even in sacred and secret confidences. Mrs. Melville was not Santley's attraction, for she spent the early evening hours with her children, as a rule, and considered Santley a milksop and snob. Snob he was, as defined by Thackeray, but milksop?—that was still "not proven." Santley was a dawdler in the parlor, but no dolt upon parade. He rode, shot, sparred and danced well, and what he might do in the event of active service was yet to be determined. Now, Langdon had been Miss Grahame's escort on three occasions in saddle before his arrest and court-martial, and then sharp weather set in. Miss Grahame, who had been "devoted to riding" in the early fall, seemed to lose her fondness for it when the November winds blew cold over the bald bluffs along the Pawnee. It was Miss Grahame on whom the duty of entertaining Mr. Santley

generally devolved, and it was the conviction in Melville's household that no better arrangement was desired by that gentleman. What the major and his wife only conjectured was that for Miss Grahame the arrangement was less charming, but she made no remonstrance. There was very much in Mr. Santley she did not fancy at all, but she would have been less than woman had she not seen that her half-formed aversion was anything but reciprocated. Few women worth the winning are destitute of coquetry, however diluted, and Ethel Grahame had found pleasure and interest in spite of herself in Mr. Santley's visits, for she delighted in puzzling, perplexing, even in tormenting him. She had gone to two dances with him to one with Woodrow or May, and then refused to go with him to a third. He asked why. "Because you ask so far ahead," was her placid reply.

"I thought the rule was 'first come, first served,'" he said in sulky surprise.

"I know you did, and if that rule were universal no woman could be afforded a choice. She might be compelled to go through an entire season with the least desirable man in society. Now, I like variety."

"You went riding three times hand running with Mr. Langdon," complained the youth. "Did you refuse him the fourth?"

"The fourth never came, but if it had I should have gone. There is great difference between an exhilarating outdoor ride and an indoor party. Besides— Mr. Langdon could teach so much."

"Which I can't do, I suppose you mean," said he, disconsolately. Then with an upward glance, "Is he going to teach riding for a living, do you 'spose?"

The words were hardly spoken when he regretted them. Miss Grahame flushed hotly, and the light in her eyes boded ill for Santley.

"I—I really beg your pardon," he hastened to say. "That was very clumsy of me, you know. I didn't mean—it was only in sport, you know."

They were walking along the broad gravel path toward the commanding officer's at the moment. The Torrances' gate was just ahead. Three or four women, joyously chatting and laughing, were entering. They nodded, with smiling significance toward the approaching pair, thereby augmenting Miss Grahame's annoyance.

"Say I'm forgiven, Miss Grahame," pleaded Santley, hurriedly, "and that you will go with me to the Thanksgiving hop. I've got



to go to stables now, you know. There won't be any men at the Torrances till after retreat. Indeed—I'm—I'm awfully sorry I vexed you," and, to do Santley justice, he looked it.

She turned and faced him. "Mr. Santley," she said, "I knew very few officers till our coming here. It is the first garrison I ever visited. My uncle and two of his old comrades formed my ideas of what our soldiers were and should be, and Mr. Langdon seemed to be of the same calibre, as you artillerymen say. I never heard them sneer at a man in such misfortune as had fallen to him. Your having vexed me is a small matter. My ideals of the army have been decidedly shaken, not by one, but by several of your associates. I thought officers were above such—pettiness."

And now it was Santley's turn to redden. "If you stop to consider how Mr. Langdon's miscond—misfortunes—reflect on the regiment, Miss Grahame, you may understand why we feel it so deeply, and, feeling it, it is no wonder we occasionally speak. If it's anything you—care about, of course, I'm hoping he won't have to teach riding—or anything else."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Santley," said she, for they had reached the open gate, and she desired no further words.

"But about the hop, Miss Grahame?"

"I shall take it under advisement until to-morrow," was the mischievous and provoking answer, "with all the chances against acceptance. I doubt now if I go at all."

But when Major Melville returned from stables he found his wife in deep concern. It was dark enough at that time to call for lights in many of the quarters, and the windows at the Torrances' were brilliant. Some of the women folk had already sauntered home, others were still abroad, chatting in eager, subdued tones. Mrs. Melville met the

major at the door and drew him into the parlor.

"What is this news about Mr. Langdon?" she asked, as soon as she had him safely cornered.

"That he is at Sheridan and has been ill, I gather," was Melville's calm reply.

"Now, I ask because Ethel came back all aflame with indignation and has gone to her room to bathe her eyes. Mrs. Nathan said



"But about the hop, Miss Grahame?"

publicly that Mr. Langdon had been picked up by the police, *drunk* in the gutter of a crowded street, and that the soldiers clubbed together, paid his fine, and took him out to Fort Sheridan."

"I have a letter from Nelson giving me full particulars," said Melville, in the same unruffled manner, as he gently drew his wife to a seat by his side. "There is no truth in the story of drunkenness or police. You remember Ryan—who used to be in my bat-

ery? 'Twas he who found Langdon fainting, and they took him to Sheridan as a matter of course."

"But Mrs. Nathan says Colonel Sharpe was *furious* at his being brought there and has ordered him put off the post as soon as he can be moved, and the papers are full of stories about a duel. She says Dr. Armistead declared he would publicly insult and horse-whip Mr. Langdon if he showed his face in the garrison."

The major smiled. "Never mind what Mrs. Nathan or the newspapers say, dear," he answered, in the same gentle, reassuring tone. "Nelson tells me that there is some old trouble between this young doctor and Langdon, but that they have not met and are not likely to meet. Channing hopes to secure an opening for Langdon as soon as he is able to work."

"Oh, yes, and that reminds me, Mrs. Nathan said Mr. Langdon had the impudence to go to her own uncle, who is vice-president, or something, in the Chicago and Seattle Railway, and demand employment, saying he was an officer in her husband's battery here, and Mr.—whatever his name is—you remember him, he was here—just told him they had no use for such a character. Now, do you suppose that can be true?" And Mrs. Melville looked up at her stalwart husband as though the wisdom of the universe were centered in him.

"I dare say Langdon applied there, poor fellow!" said Melville, gravely, the deep brown eyes softening still more at the thought of the rebuff the sad, heart-sick fellow probably met if indeed it was to Mrs. Nathan's uncle to whom he applied. "But there are other roads open to Langdon that exact less and pay far more than railroads, only Langdon always had a predilection for railway engineering and service. Captain Channing is writing to Langdon now, and has written to an elder brother, who is general manager of the Seattle's greatest rival, the Missouri Valley. Now, there is trouble on both roads, and men are very much needed, so I think Langdon will be provided for in the near future. I hope Ethel did not allow herself to be much—disturbed?" and when the major finished in this half interrogative way it was meant to imply that, while he might be hopeful he was by no means confident. He had known Ethel, a beloved sister's only child, since her babyhood, and knew her to be fearless, resolute and anything but politic. He was won-

dering, as he stroked with his one disengaged hand the heavy brown mustache, what Ethel might have said in reply to Mrs. Nathan.

But there was no immediate opportunity for inquiring. The papers that had deluged the post with Chicago's version of the scandals at Sheridan had reached Pawnee that day, some thirty hours old, and, second in local interest were the details of the serious situation on some of the great trans-continental railways. Officials and operatives had come to the final clinch. An ultimatum had been prepared "in the interests of Labor." If not acceded to by the managers within twenty-four hours not only the trans-continentals, complete, but the Seattle and Missouri Valley roads would be tied up forthwith.

Before Mrs. Melville could frame her reply to the major's question there came a step on the piazza, a ring at the hall bell, and then Cat's voice was heard in animated converse with some companion. Melville himself opened the door to bid them enter—the colonel and his silent adjutant.

"Melville, here's a go!" began the commanding officer, without preliminary of any kind. "I'm ordered to send a reliable officer at once to Omaha to act under special instructions that are to meet him there, and you're the most reliable man I have. Can you make the night train?"

"Easily, colonel."

"So be it then. I'll have the orders made out at once."

Several of the battery officers went down to see their leader off. Channing, too, was there, and led the major aside a moment. "I've written direct to Langdon," he said, "and given him letters to my brother with instructions how to find him. He'll be somewhere out on the line now, I suppose. The only question is—will Langdon be well enough?"

Melville pondered a moment before he replied:

"Nelson wrote three days ago that it might be a week—that would be till Friday, say—this is Wednesday night. I fancy he'll hardly be strong enough, Channing, but thank you all the same."

Yet when Friday evening came it brought a dispatch for Channing that gave him keen anxiety.

"Letter for Langdon here. He disappeared during morning. No trace." Signed "Nelson."

(To be Continued.)



## THE REAL HOWELLS

By THEODORE DREISER

HOWELLS, it can be truly said, is greater than his literary volumes make him out to be. If this be considered little enough, then let us say he is even greater than his reputation. Since it is contended that his reputation far outweighs his achievements, let this tribute be taken in full, for he is all that it implies—one of the noblemen of literature.

A striking characteristic of the man is that he understands himself better than any one else, and that he has the courage to write himself down without color or favor. Prof. Boyesen found, when he interviewed him in 1893, that he could "portray himself unconsciously (in conversation) better than I or anybody else could do it for him." His manner is so simple, his wonder at life so fresh and unsatisfied that he appeals to the student and observer as something truly rare—a wholly honest man. He is evidently so

honest at heart that he is everywhere at home with himself, and will contribute that quiet, homelike atmosphere to everything and everybody around. He will compel sincerity in you, when you talk with him, not by any suggestion from him, but by the wholesome atmosphere which he exhales, and which steals over all, and makes plain that forms and slight conventionalities are not necessary.

We will not say that he was always thus. One can easily imagine the ideality of his youth when the world seemed young and green. Never insincere, we can believe, but enthusiastic and imaginative. But youth slipped away, the days waned in weariness of work, the mystery of life did not become clearer, and duty came to look more stern. I think that the thought of the final hour is too much with him; that the "watch, for ye know not," rings too much in his

ears. He appeals to me as possessing a deeply religious nature unanchored to any religious belief.

My first sight of him was on a January day in Fifth Avenue. Some one who knew him said, "Here comes Howells," and I saw a stout, thick-set, middle-aged man trudging solemnly forward. He was enveloped in a great fur ulster, and peered, rather ferociously upon the odds and ends of street life that passed. He turned out again and again for this person and that, and I wondered why a stout man with so fierce a mien did not proceed resolutely forward, unswerving for the least or the greatest.

The next time I saw him was for a favor. Some magazine wanted his opinion. A total stranger, I knocked at his door in the apartments overlooking Central Park, and gave no card—only my name. "If he is in he will see you," said the servant, and, sure enough, see me he did, after a few moments. It was with a quiet trudge that he entered the room, and in a glance everything was put at ease. Anybody could talk to him providing the errand was an honest one.

There was none of that "I am a busy man" air. The wrinkles about the eyes were plainly not evidences of natural ferocity, but of kindly age. He even smiled before hearing all my request, motioned me to a chair, and sat down himself. When I had done I arose and suggested that I would not intrude upon his time, but he only shook his head and sat still. Then he propounded some question, for all the world like a kindly bid to conversation, and we were off on an argument in a moment.

How it came around to speculation concerning life and death is almost beyond recall. Andrew Lang had newly re-issued his translations of Greek odes. They deal with the passions and pains of individuals dead thousands of years ago, and I expressed wonder at the long, inexplicable procession of life.

Mr. Howells folded his hands calmly and sat quite silent. Then he said, "Yes, we never know wherefrom or whereto. It seems as if all these ruddy crowds of people are little more than plants awakened by the sun and rain."

"Do you find," I said, "that it is painful to feel life wearing on, slipping away, and change overtaking us all."

"It is, truly. Life is fine. The morning air is good. When I stroll out of a sunny day it seems too much that it should not stay and endure. It is wistfulness that over-

takes us, all the more bitter because so hopeless. Every one suffers from it more or less."

From the flight of time and ever imminent death, the conversation drifted to the crush of modern life and the struggle for existence.

"It is my belief," he said, "that the struggle really does grow more bitter. The great city surprises me. It seems so much a to-do over so little—millions crowding into to obtain subsistence in a region where subsistence is least."

"Where would you have them go?"

"There are more fertile parts of the world. This little island is cold and bleak a great many months of the year. Nothing is grown here. When you come to think, there is no reason why the people of the world should not live in the tropics. The means of subsistence there are greater. Yet here they are scheming and planning, and sometimes dying of starvation."

"You have had no direct experience of this great misery."

"No; but I have observed it. All my experiences have been literary, yet in this field I have seen enough."

"Is it so hard to rise in the literary world?"

"About as difficult as in any other field. There seems to be almost invariably a period of neglect and suffering. Every beginner feels or really finds that the doors are more or less closed against him."

"Your view is rather dispiriting."

"Life seems at times a hopeless tangle. You can only face the conditions bravely and take what befalls."

Other things were talked of, but this struck me at the time as peculiarly characteristic of the work of the man. His sympathies are right, but he is not primarily a deep reasoner. He would not, for instance, choose to follow up his speculations concerning life and attempt to offer some modest theory of improvement. He watches the changeable scene, rejoices or laments over the various and separate instances, but goes no further. He has reached the conclusion that life is difficult and inexplicable without really tracing the various theories by which it is synthetically proved. He is inclined to let the great analysis of things go by the board, sure that it is a mystery and not caring much for the proof.

And yet this attitude which looks so much like pessimism is anything but characteristic of his nature. For all that life with him

is a riddle, approaching death a bane, he works and lives gladly. His heart is warm. Since he cannot explain the earthly struggle he chooses to help others make the best of it. Is it a young poet longing, verses in hand, for recognition, Howells will help him. He is not a rich man and must work for his living, yet he will take of his time to read the struggler's material and recommend him according to his merit. The country knows how often he has appeared in print with a liberal commendation of a quite unknown author. He it was who first read Stephen Crane's books and assisted him in New York. It was he who publicly applauded the ghetto story of Abraham Cahan when that beginner was yet unrecognized. He has, time after time, praised so liberally that paragraphers love to speak of him as the "lookout on the watch tower," straining for a first glimpse of approaching genius.

On my first visit, and when we were discussing the difficulties beginners experience, I happened to mention what I considered to be an appropriate instance of a young man in the West who had a fine novel which no publisher seemed to want.

"You consider it good, do you?" he asked.

"Very," I said.

"You might ask him to send it on to me. I should like to read it."

I was rather astonished at the liberal

offer, and thanked him for the absent one. It was no idle favor of conversation, either. The book was forwarded, and, true to his word, he read it, doing what he could to make the merit of the work a source of reward for the author. There were several

similar instances within a comparatively short period, and I heard of others from time to time until it all became impressively plain—how truly generous and humane is the Dean of American Letters. The great literary philanthropist, I call him.

It is useless to go to the critics for confirmation of this view of the man. Whatever may be said elsewhere, it is better to go to the man's own account of his life and his opinions. What he has put down in "My Literary Passions" rings true as a bell. It is, aside from a record of his likes and dislikes of books, a valuable human document, and in it much of the real Howells can be found, though not so much as in conversation with him. He explains in a style whose chief charm is its evident truth how he began life in an Ohio village and practically educated himself. To any one who knows the man, his account of how he made his father's meagre library his



university, how his youthful years were divided between the country schools and the printing office, and how he grew into an understanding of his sphere in life must read wholly true. He endured it all with a cavalier bearing, making the best of the

worst, and even to-day shields its memory with words of noble import. When I inquired of him how much time he devoted each day to his literary aims, he answered:

"The length varied with changing conditions. Sometimes I read but little. There were years of work, of the over-work, indeed—which falls to the lot of many, that I should be ashamed to speak of except in accounting for the fact. My father had sold his paper in Hamilton, and had bought an interest in another at Dayton, and at that time we were all straining our utmost to help pay for it."

How strong was that love of literary work that could find a little time to study his favorite author, even though he sat up until midnight waiting for telegraphic news, and arose again at dawn to deliver the papers and toil anew at the case. The history of his early career has a flavor of sentiment and poetry well becoming a genius. How his literary aspirations were stirred by the great authors whom he successively read; how he was perpetually imitating the writings of these—but never willing to own it; how he eventually came to understand that he must be like himself and no other—all savors of the youthful dreamer of literary fame. It was of this period that he wrote: "I had a narrow, little space, under the stairs at home. There was a desk pushed back against the wall which the irregular ceiling sloped down to meet, behind it, and at my left was a window, which gave good light on the writing leaf of my desk. This was my workshop for six or seven years—and it was not at all a bad one. It seemed, for a while, so very simple and easy to come home in the middle of the afternoon when my task at the printing office was done, and sit down to my books in my little study, which I did not finally leave until the family were all in bed."

So went the days, with long evenings when, weary with manual toil, he got out his manuscripts and "sawed and filed and hammered away at the blessed poems, which were little less than imitations."

The world has not despised these poems for all the author's modesty. There are things in them which are neither sawed nor hammered nor filed, but rather done out of a sad and tender spirit weighted down with the mistaken thought of its own inefficiency.

Then came legislative work at the state capitol, more printer's drudgery, and, finally, for some campaign service, a consulate at Venice, where he sojourned for four years.

This is not a biography, however, but merely an attempt to get a suggestion, out of the past, of the present helpful and sincere worker in the cause of humanity.

The most likable trait of this able writer, is his honest, open delight in being appreciated. The driving force of his youth was this desire to do fine things and get credit for them. The applause of the world—what an important thing it seemed. To-day he is wiser, but the heart is the same.

I said to him: "Have you found that satisfaction in the appreciation of your fellow-men, which in your youth you dreamed it would give you?"

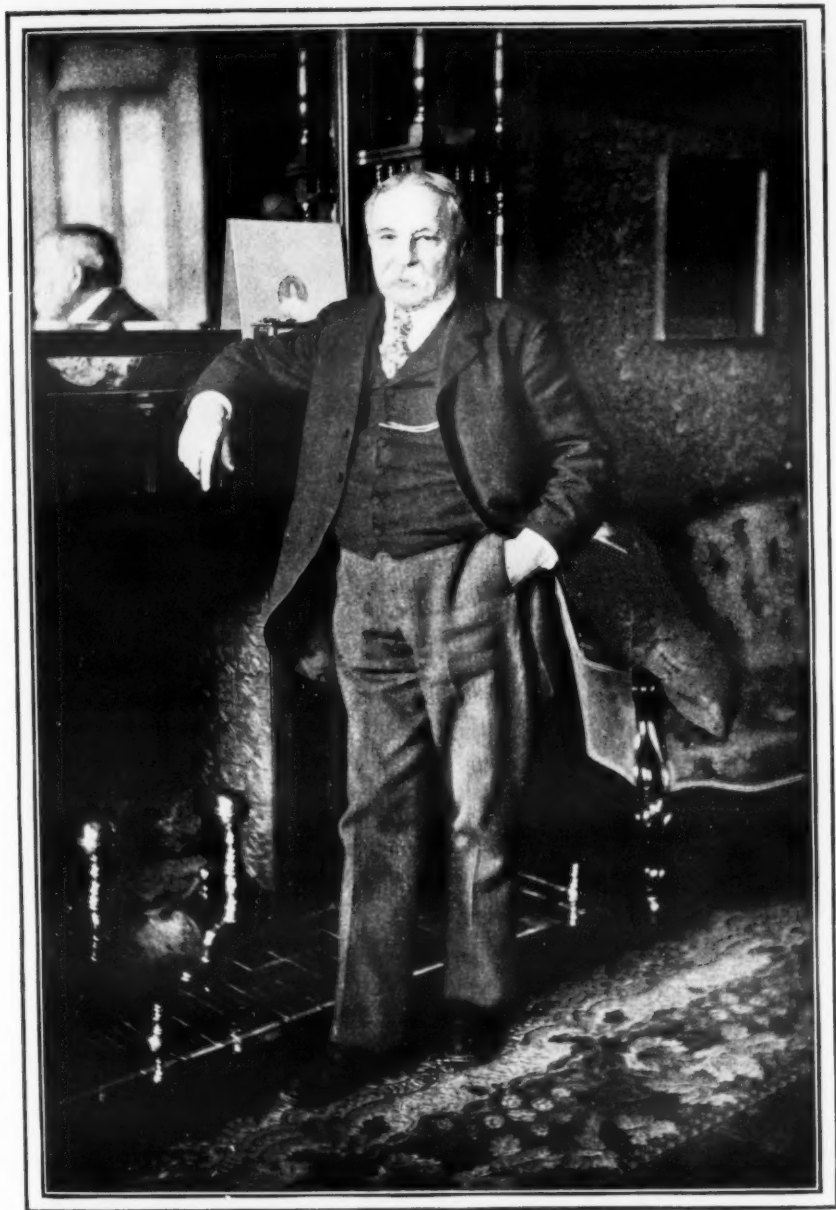
"Yes," he answered, "truly. It is all that the heart imagines—sweet."

"Worth the toil?"

"Yes. I know of nothing more exquisite than to have labored long and doubtingly and then to find, for all your fears, your labor commended, your name on many tongues. It is reward enough."

Howells owns to this on every occasion where an expression of opinion is necessary and appropriate, and it makes for greater dignity in him. One of the most characteristic of these acknowledgments occurs in some paper by him in which he says: "I came into the hotel office (at Montreal) the evening of a first day's lonely sightseeing, and vainly explored the register for the name of some acquaintance; as I turned from it two smartly dressed young fellows embraced it, and I heard one of them say, to my great amaze and happiness, 'Hello, here's Howells!' 'Oh,' I broke out upon him, 'I was just looking for some one I knew. I hope you are some one who knows me!' 'Only through your contributions to *The Saturday Press*," said the young fellow, and with these golden words, the precious first personal recognition of my authorship I had ever received from a stranger, and the rich reward of all my literary endeavor, he introduced himself and his friend. I do not know what became of this friend, or where or how he eliminated himself, but we two others were inseparable from that moment. He was a young lawyer from New York, and when I came back from Italy four or five years later, I used to see his sign in Wall street, with a never fulfilled intention of going in to see him. In whatever world he happens now to be, I should like to send him my greetings, and confess to him that my art has never since brought me so sweet a recompense, and nothing a thousandth part so much like Fame, as that





outcry of his over the hotel register in Montreal."

Some may think that such open expression of sentiment and pleasure is like hanging one's heart upon one's sleeve for daws to peck at, but more will feel that it is but the creditable exuberance of a heart full of good feelings. He is thus frank in his books, his letters, his conversation. His family get no nearer in many things than those in the world outside who admire his charming qualities. He is the same constantly, a person whose thoughts issue untinged by any corroding wash of show or formality.

What more can be said of a man? He is not rich, and can therefore provide no evidence of his character by his individual disposition of money. His field of endeavor is of that peculiar nature which permits of much and effective masquerading. Many an evil heart is effectively cloaked and hidden from the world by a show of literary talent. We can look only at his individual expression of himself, the hold his nature has taken upon those who know him and the extent and use of his reputation. Fame is a very good collateral in the hands of an able man, and Howells has made good use of his fame.

If Howells, by reason of greater advantages in his youth, had been able to go farther intellectually, if he had had direction along the lines of sociology and philosophy, he might have given the world something most important in that direction. The man has the speculative, philosophic make-up. His sympathies are of a kind that produce able theories for the betterment of mankind. As it is, what he has written, smacks of the social-prophetic.

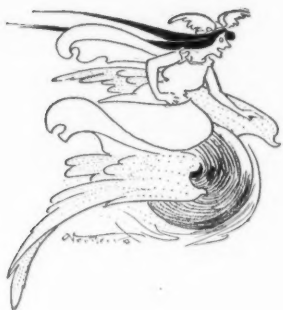
How true this is the readers of "A Traveler from Altruria" can witness. Therein he sets forth his dream of universal peace and good-will. He sketches a state of utter degradation from which the brutalized poor rise to the purest altruism.

In a further sense, the socialistic-philosophic turn of his nature is evidenced by his confession of the hold the works of Tol-

stoi have taken upon him. "He charms me," he said, "by his humanity, his goodness of heart." And in the "Literary Passions" that fine opening to the last chapter confirms this statement, "I come now, though not quite in the order of time, to the noblest of all these enthusiasms, namely, my devotion for the writings of Lyof Tolstoi. I should wish to speak of him with his own incomparable truth, yet I do not know how to give a notion of his influence without the effect of exaggeration. As much as one merely human being can help another, I believe that he has helped me; he has not influenced me in aesthetics only, but in ethics, too, so that I can never again see life in the way I saw it before I knew him."

Tolstoi's influence has led him back, as he puts it, "to the only true ideal, away from that false standard of the gentleman to the Man who sought not to be distinguished from other men, but identified with them, to that *Presence* in which the finest gentleman shows his alloy of vanity, and the greatest genius shrinks to the measure of his miserable egotism."

It does not matter whether Howells is the greatest novelist in the world or not, he is a great character. There are many, who find sentiments and feelings so rich, so fair, so delicately drawn, in his work, that it seems as if he had gathered the very moonbeams out of the night to weave a wistful spell over the heart, and it is certain that these perfect parts of his work will live. About the other it does not matter, for the larger part of the work of all authors is more or less bad, anyhow. What is more important is that he has been an influence for good in American letters—that he has used his strength and popularity in the direction of what he took to be the right. He has helped thousands in more ways than one, and is a sweet and wholesome presence in the world of art. By the side of the egotists in his field, the chasers after fame and the hagglers over money, this man is a towering figure. His greatness is his goodness, his charm his sincerity.



# FORTUNES MADE IN SMALL INVENTIONS

BY  
HARVEY SUTHERLAND

AMONG the many amusing things in this most amusing world of ours is the notion that holding out artificial rewards and punishments for actions is beneficial to the race. Poor old Dame Nature doesn't know what she is about more than half the time, so we turn in and give her a lift. It must be getting on for 5,000 years that we have been at this, and, come to think it over seriously, even the most optimistic must sometimes have his doubts whether anything has been accomplished, and, if it has, whether it were not almost as well if it hadn't.

As an applied instance of the general principle of rewarding meritorious acts, the Patent Office at Washington has its excuse for being. Whenever any institution deliberately undertakes to do a grand, good work, some people conceive a violent suspicion of it. Sometimes the suspicion comes at once, and sometimes it comes after they have had dealings with the institution. This is true of the Patent Office. There are inventors that refuse to take out patents. They say they hope they have more sense than to do such a thing. They say they know when they have had enough. But for all that, the very first thing the most of us would do would be to get a patent if we had invented something that was much needed, a car-coupling, for instance. We all have so much respect for the Patent Office that we simply cannot un-

derstand why it is that if a physician patents an orthopedic appliance or something of the kind, the other physicians put him out of the medical societies and cross over to the other side of the street when they see him coming. But they do, and the inventor is usually very glad to renounce his patent and eat humble pie, so that he can get back into the fold. That should be a great discouragement to physicians to invent things if the Patent Office works on the right principle. On the contrary, they invent all the more.

Having the high opinion of the general public concerning the Patent Office, it is our most golden dream that one day we,

too, shall invent something and get it patented and become so rich that we shall not know what to do with our money. Once in awhile a man succeeds in this, just as once in a while somebody wins at policy or at the horse races, and that keeps the thing going and makes it possible for the sons of patent lawyers to go to Yale or Harvard. The sons of inventors go to business college and learn shorthand. But in general, in order to keep us humble and teach us where we belong, it has been arranged

that if a man invents a really big thing with millions in it he shan't get anything but glory out of it, and sometimes not that. A big thing takes capital to swing it, and it is the sheerest waste of time and space to tell anybody that an inventor has no capital.



"The sons of patent lawyers go to Yale or Harvard."

He sells his idea for \$10 and a pair of striped trousers to a capitalist, or if he holds fast to it he gets into litigation, and wins the case three days before the patent expires.

But while the rich do not let many things get away from them, once in a while they do overlook some little trifle, and the first thing they know they are taking the dust



"—sells his idea for \$10 and a pair of striped trousers to a capitalist."

from the heels of the span of trotters the inventor has bought as soon as he paid up the grocery bill. It makes us glad to hear of this, and we like to fancy the rich man walking the floor nights and gritting his teeth and saying to himself: "Why, oh, why, didn't I throw in the striped trousers? They were too small in the waist for me, anyhow!"

Here are a few cases where inventors have been struck by lightning: It is either money or glory for the successful inventor. Never both. Who knows what his name was that invented the can opener? His family only, and yet no household is without a can opener. He made about a million dollars out of it. (Estimated. Maybe he didn't make so much.) Who was it that invented the return ball? While the patent lasted he drew about \$50,000 a year from it, and that is as good as being President of these United States—better, for he didn't have to look out for fourth-class postmasterships or worry about a renomination. Why children should want a return ball is a deep, unfathomable mystery, but they do. The rubber string fastened to the ball is forever breaking, and the child doesn't live that can tie it so that it will stay tied, but they will not consent to live without it. The "Dancing Jim Crow" toy paid its unfamous author \$75,000 a year before it got to be an old story. "Pharaoh's Serpents" made \$60,000 a year during its brief career, and "John Gilpin" netted

something like half a million for its deviser. Most people do not even know what these toys are, let alone the inventors' names.

Speaking of toys, although women know better than a man what will please a child, they rarely make much money out of their inventions in this line. This is said to be because they haven't the business head and the foresight. Men have these gifts, and women haven't. You must have noticed that. Of course, it sometimes happens that a woman is left a widow with four little children, and they get along much better than when papa was living, but that is an exception, and everybody knows that it simply proves the rule, which is that women are meant to be bright and beautiful creatures to cheer us on our pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and never should have a penny of their own. Now, when a man invents a toy for a child, he gets up something that winds with a key. Say you buy the toy on Wednesday; Friday morning the key cannot be found high or low. But that doesn't make any difference, for the baby broke the toy or Uncle Henry stepped on it when he was looking for a match. Anyhow, when the baby saw the mechanical mouse running right straight at him it scared him so that he set up a howl, and it was half an hour before he quieted down again. But, of course, his mother and Aunt Allie put him up to that. Women are so afraid of mice. The baby would like it all right enough

when he got used to it. Women know what the baby does like is a rag doll with pen-and-ink eyes and nose and mouth, but a man cannot see that. He has too much business foresight. That is why he buys the mechanical scare-



"Why children should want a return ball is a deep unfathomable mystery—"

me-to-deaths that the street fakirs have skating about on the sidewalks. Don't you suppose the manufacturers know that every toy they make will go down the dumb waiter with the garbage within four days of its purchase? Of course they do, but they make their money out of the foresight of the men folks. What the baby wants for a toy doesn't count any more than

what the people would like for a story in the magazines. It is what papa thinks the baby wants, and what the editor thinks the people want that is considered at the factory.

There is very little money to be made out of the invention of new toys, anyhow. The old ones are so cheap and nice, and, another thing, children do not change much from generation to generation. They don't progress for a cent. They are essentially conservative.

They kick out the toes of their boots now just as much as they ever did, but the copper toe has gone out of date too long ago to talk about. It was fine, though, in its day. How the copper did wink and glitter in the firelight! Away up in the Maine woods a farmer that could not bear the thought of giving the shoemaker *all* he earned, took an old copper washboiler and cut it up into strips, which he fastened on the toes of the boots of Elbridge and Elmer Ellsworth and Eddie. "There, now!" said he. "Less see you git through them in a hurry. Laws! I never see boys so hard on shoe leather." It was a bright idea, and the more he thought about it the more it was borne in on him that it was a bright idea. He got a patent on it. Elbridge and Elmer Ellsworth and Eddie were kind of ashamed to be seen in their copper toes at first, but when the other boys all crowded around them at the district school and said, "Gosh! Woosht my pa would fix my boots that way," they felt more comfortable and rather happy. From that it went on, till, for the sake of peace and quietness in the house, if for no other reason, fathers had to buy copper-toed boots

verse for a little while when they are not looking, but not for long. The day came when the child woke up and realized that it was being robbed of its rights guaranteed under the constitution. Something like this, eh? "We, the children of the United States in convention assembled do hold these truths to be self-evident?" Not at all, not at all.



"A farmer that could not bear the thought of giving the shoemaker all he earned——"

They said: "Hee! Coppertoos! Copper-toes!"

And the coon came down.

Rubber boots that were introduced about that time made up in a way for the departed glories of the shiny toes. A boy feels big wading round in rubber boots. It looks kind of rough and tough, kind of like the boys on the other side of the tracks. And another advantage is that if you wade in the deep water along about the first of November, and it should happen to slop over the tops and wet your feet, if you are very careful and remember to set the boots with the open ends toward the fire when you go to bed nights, some time in the middle of March they will be almost dry again. And that suits a boy clear down to the ground.

Another device, something on the same line as the copper toes, was the steel heel plate. Away back in the early '70s when the boys came up the stone sidewalk to the schoolhouse it sounded like the bones man at the minstrel show. They were all the go then. During the first ten years of this patent's life more than fifty million pairs were sold, and the profits were in excess of \$50,000. But just about then people began to say to themselves: "Looks as if there was going to be a lot of money in this thing. It isn't right that this man should have it all. He won't know how to spend it judiciously. Let's see now. Didn't I invent this thing myself? Why, of course, I did. Sure enough. I remember it plain as can be now.



"The mechanical mouse scared him so that he set up a howl——"

for their boys. The Maine farmer got rich, and had pie three times a day, and moved to town and had a haircloth sofa in the front room, and a marble-topped centre table, with wax flowers in a glass case on it, and everything that heart could wish. But foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, and it is part of its nature to be hard on shoes. You may beat the laws of the uni-

It was long before this fellow did. It was the winter I drove over to Aunt Katy's with the little sorrel. I'll go to law about this and see if there isn't some way to protect my rights." Litigation set in, and the business is said to have been seriously crippled. Some more patent lawyers' sons began about then to try to make up their minds whether they preferred Harvard to Yale.

Nothing is so popular in theory as economy, but the trouble with it in practice is that it is such a bother. Devices that are self-acting savers of money meet a long-felt want and the miner that found that a metal button or eyelet riveted in the corners of the pocket openings of his clothes kept them from tearing out made half a million dollars out of his patent. Bachelors' buttons that fasten on without needle and thread and will not come off till the cloth tears away ought to have made more, but most men prefer to have their buttons sewed on or go about slack on one side. Still one of the inventors netted about \$600,000 from the happy thought. Of course, as fortunes go this is miserably small. But it is better somewhat than having to get to the shop on a winter morning before the 7 o'clock whistle blows, carry your lunch in a tin bucket, and warm your coffee on the steampipe. Yes, it is better than that.

Something on the same principle as the



"—professors that parted their hair at the back of their heads and wore musk and Jockey Club on their handkerchiefs."

eyelet in the pocket opening is the shipping tag with the cardboard reinforcement around the hole where the string goes through. Mr. Dennison, of Philadelphia, was the one that thought of this, and he has built up a large business on the patent. It would be rash to attempt to guess how much he has

made from it, but they say he is doing pretty well. Whenever he wants a new suit of clothes he goes and gets it. Doesn't have to wait till next month. They are made to order, too. His Sunday clothes, I mean.

On the burner of the kerosene lamp, whether it is the one in the kitchen of the people that cannot afford gas or the one with the fancy shade that smells up the drawing room of the rich, are little brass fingers that hold the chimney in place. You are too young to remember the miserable footy things they had about the time



"A boy feels big wading round in rubber boots."

of the war of the rebellion. One never could get the chimney to set quite straight. The man that invented these fingers that you never thought of till this minute became a millionaire. He got up something cheap that everybody had to have. Why don't you do that? It is easy enough. Why, look at the man that invented the lava gas tip. He made money. So did the man that first hung a glass bell over the gas jet to save the ceiling from the smoke. It wasn't much, to be sure, only \$300,000, but then think what a lot you could buy for that if you shopped carefully.

It must not be supposed that one's efforts should be directed only toward the useful. There is just as much money in catering to foolishness. The top notch of foolishness, or very near it, was the flamboyant penmanship in vogue some years ago. People used to spend their money taking writing lessons from professors that parted their hair at the back of their heads, and wore musk and Jockey Club on their handkerchiefs. The nearer one could come to making his capital S's and D's and T's look like a bedspring, the better writer he was. They used to make birds on visiting cards, all flourishes, and when people looked at them they said: "Gee!" They couldn't say any more. There weren't words for any more. The finest thing of all was framed and hung up in the stairway of the writing school. It was a bounding deer done with a pen and all one mass of curlycues and spirals. It was easy to see what made it bound. It had to; it was all springs, inside and out. In those



days all the little d's and t's and p's had ends like cold chisels. You bore down hard to make them so, and if you weren't very careful they had a kind of knobbed look. Also after you signed your name you made a kind of Hogarth's line of beauty under it. The broader you got it the prettier it was, and the surer you were of your job. But the regular pen had a nasty way of spreading right in the middle of the curve, and you had to go back over it and coax the lines together, and, somehow, it always looked mussy after it was done. A man invented a shading pen that never had such tricks. It was simple and sold for a good price, considering the cost of manufacture, so that there was money in even a small order. All the fancy penmen had to have it, and the inventor made about \$200,000 a year out of it till the fashion for fancy penmanship faded as fade the summer flowers. Fountain pens have made many men rich, and will probably last a good many years. The special ink they require has been the subject of another profitable patent. The tin pocket penholder that pointed out the way for the fountain pen was another paying thing.

Ever so often the whole country goes crazy over some puzzle, and no household is complete without it. The 13-15-14 puzzle is a case in point. The people that make up such things are at work at them all the time, not because there is any money in it, but because they are built that way. Composers are always thinking out music, and authors are always saying to themselves: "Now that would make a good story, only, of course, it would have to be made to come out right," and puzzle makers are always fussing with puzzles. We will say that one of them shows his latest to a friend, and the friend says: "Oh, go on away from here. I got a lot of work to do this morning. I ought to have done it yesterday afternoon, but somebody came in and bothered me. Nope. No time this morning. I saw your wife the other day on Broadway, but I guess she didn't see me. Children all well?" Now, if the time is not ripe, it won't do the inventor the least bit of good to fool with the puzzle and coax his friend: "Aw, just try it

once." But if it is, if the cycle has come round again, the friend tries it and tries it again. Then he sits there like a fool all the morning, saying to himself: "Well, consarn the luck! I thought I had it that time, sure. Oh, yes. I see now how it's done. Well, by Ned— No, that ain't it, either. Well, then, the other way. Here, I can't fritter away my time this way. 'Dear Sir: Your last shipment of thirty carload lots was not up to sample—was not up to sam—' Why, why didn't I think of that before? You take the thing this way. Then it will run into the hole. Then the other one gets out again. Well, say, this puzzle is a wonder. COME IN! Huh? . . . Tell him I'm very busy just now and can't be disturbed. Ask him if he won't drop in about an hour from now.

Shut the door after you. I'll have it so I can do it by then, and I'll paralyze him with it." And so it goes. The work isn't done. The next man that comes in—remember that the cycle has come round—sees the puzzle and asks: "What's this?"

"Oh, a little thing a friend of mine left here."

"Puzzle, eh? Can you do it?"

It isn't long after that before all down town is chewing gum as hard as it can and worrying over this puzzle. It buys it and takes it home to the wife and children. It talks about it on the way home from church and on the street cars, and writes letters to the papers to show how if

you move the 11 block to such and such a place, and then give the whole business a quarter turn to the left it can be done. All this time the puzzle inventor is getting so rancidly rich that he doesn't speak to Chauncey Depew on the street any more. Cuts him dead. Then all of a sudden people wake up and find that the reason the clerks don't get anything done, and the dining room looks cluttered up all the time, and Willie's report card shows that he is falling behind in his studies is that plagued puzzle. Everybody stops chug short and goes to work trying to make an honest living again. The inventor thinks up another puzzle that will make the first one look like a ready-made Prince Albert, but nobody will touch it with a ten-foot pole, and he goes about saying: "Why?



"The 13-15-14 puzzle."

why? why?" and he even speaks to people like you and me when we have time to listen to his jeremiads about the degeneracy of the age. And not for another cycle will we take the least interest in anything of the kind. "Puzzle? Oh, yes, very nice. Think you'll move out to the country in the spring? You want to look out for the malaria. Very bad where you're going, they tell me."

Mr. Crandall, the inventor of "Pigs in Clover," knew right well that it wouldn't last long, and pushed the sales to the limit, and never tried to repeat his success. Others did, and failed dismally, while he made about half a million dollars in the year's time that people were interested. It is lucky to invent something that will be in steady demand for at least seventeen years, but a large temporary market for a small, low-priced article is not so bad. It does not require a large and expensive plant, and when the end comes the shock is not so terrible.

Whoever invented the rainy day skirt supporter probably thought that women to the end of time would go drabbling their skirts after them. But some few had a gleam of reason, and began to wear shorter skirts on wet days and then the demand slackened.

The rubber tip on lead pencils is a fine example of a steady income bringer. A lot of people were in it, but the inventor is supposed to have made \$500,000 out of it. The safety pin is another eternal seller. Why it should have been left to our day and time to think of making the catch so that it will cover the point of the pin and not stick the blessed baby is too much for the unaided intellect. The principle of the spring pin is as old as the hills, and a good deal older than some hills, for they dig such brooches out of old Irish bogs along with the bones

of extinct animals. Nobody knows how much the profits of this simple thing amount to. Certainly over a million dollars, and since it is perfectly safe to say so, suppose we call it two million. It is only a little more, and it sounds so much better. The corset catch, the needle threader, the glove buttoner—invented by a woman, take notice—all made large sums.

Two instances will serve to show the different methods of managing small inventions. A Pittsburg man thought out a way of making a bend in the dress hook so as to keep the eye from slipping off. He "circussed it." That is, he advertised it high and low. You couldn't go any place without being advised in rhyme to "see that hump." He made a fortune.

Once there was a man playing faro in a frame shanty somewhere out West. He had lost every cent he had at the game, and stood looking on. The early sun stole through a knot hole and shone on the faro layout, on the nine spot to win. The nine spot won, and the dealer thought it was a red chip that lay there, and paid accordingly. The man took it, played it judiciously, and broke the bank. He then went out and bought a mine, became immensely rich, and, as a natural consequence, one of the most widely known and respected citizens of our Western country. Some gentle reader may wonder what this touching story has to do with the Patent Office and inventors' chances to hit the right thing and make large sums of money. If such a one will sit still for an hour and think, it may occur to him what my meaning is. If it does not in that time it would not if I explained it to him now, and I have other things to do. Besides, I am not sure that the story is absolutely true.



"The puzzle inventor is getting so rancidly rich he doesn't speak to Chauncey Depew on the street any more."

# MR. SIXTY'S MISTAKE

By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

Author of "A Colonial Free Lance," etc.

COCKY SMITH leaned pensively on the single rough plank that formed the bar, apparently intensely interested in the deep purple of the sky which reflected its hue on the narrow, snow-clad valley beneath. A few early stars winked in the velvet overhead. The peaks to the east were yet broadly flushed by a yellow light, the pointed pines showing against the snow, step upon step, like lace upon a white pillow. It had stopped snowing and cleared at noon, and now the valley—narrow for a valley, yet broad for a canyon—was covered to the depth of a foot or more, though drifts like small buildings blocked the stage route and made travel for the time impracticable.

For a wonder, Cocky Smith was sober. Had it been otherwise, he never would have worn the abstracted look of a poet or an artist, though his make-up above his shoulders was not altogether unlike the conventional dreamer. A long and glossy black beard, a pale, thin, dark face, topped by long and glossy black hair, might have deceived the casual glance, unless it caught the glint of his eye, and then one knew that Cocky Smith was no dreamer—was, in fact, no ordinary man. Little was known of him save that Smith was not his true name, and though familiarly known as "Cocky," a sobriquet derived from the fact that his eyes became "cocked," or crossed, in a degree which advanced with his intoxication, when he was sober no one looking at him would think of approaching him with any other title than that of Mr. Smith. To-night his eyes were straight and singularly mild.

His dress was that of all station-men of the day; half cattle man, half hunter or miner, the inevitable leather hanger depending from his belt showing the protruding butt of a revolver. There was none of the slashed finery of the Mexican about him; neither did his walk betray the half stiffened bow legs of a habitual horseman. No one around the station knew what he had been; all that was certain being that he was then the company's stage station-master, and that he had come from a distant mining

camp, where he had presumably "killed his man." The last was more than a rumor, and Mr. Smith ruled by right of rank and prowess the five men detailed by the company to protect the stage station and block-house of Pleasant Valley.

In their own peculiar ways, all the men were fond of "Cocky," and so addressed the master when he was half intoxicated, his usual condition; hated and feared him when he had been made ferocious by deeper potations, and respected him for his plain mental superiority while he was sober.

The civilization of the small community of Pleasant Valley was not high. Thirty-five years ago there was no house nearer than the next station, fifteen miles away, and the half dozen that protected the interests of the stage line in this oasis of the Rocky Mountains had been drawn from all parts of the "states"—drawn or drifted thither—each with a history checkered enough to make sharp contrasts between the brightness of a virtuous youth and the blackness of subsequent vice, if not actual crime.

Once in two days the stage passed the station, going east or west, and as often came the "freight," with its dozen spans of mules, the tall, canvas-covered leader, swing and trailer winding into the valley entrance with a long stretch of graceful curve that presaged the sweep of the railroad which has since followed.

Cocky dropped his eyes from the sky and scanned the rocky pass that, like a gate, opened to the outside world eastward, and then turned his attention inward. The fire in the enormous box stove was sinking, the hot embers making a small track of light across the rough flooring and on the log walls of the room as they shone through the draught holes in the door. With something like a sigh, Cocky went to a corner, and selecting an immense log of pine threw it onto the fiery bed, opened the damper, and lighting the single lamp that was fastened to a ceiling beam, disappeared into the room behind the bar.

The station master was in an uncommon

mood. If his companions could have seen him there would have been furtive nudgings and winks—but no questions; Mr. Smith not being a man to be questioned on personal matters while very sober or very drunk. Once in his room, a barren log apartment with a single bunk built against the rough holes of the wall, his air of depression grew with the rapidly increasing darkness. Seating himself on the edge of the rough bed, he gazed out of the small window for a time, then fumbling through a box which he drew into the field of dim light, pulled out an old newspaper wrapped about the photograph of a woman—a young woman; a girl, in fact, well dressed, well favored in feature, with the ghost of an unretouched dimple, and a sweetness, yet firmness, of mouth and chin that would have attracted the second glance of the most casual observer.

For at least a quarter of an hour Cocky looked hungrily on the portrait, then tenderly replacing it in the box, opened the paper with the directness of one who knew where to find that for which he was looking.

*"Five hundred dollars reward for information of the whereabouts of William Lewis of Greene, Chenango County, New York. The above will be paid on receipt of satisfactory evidence given to the sheriff of Chenango County or to Messrs. Blythe & Hill, attorneys, Greene, New York."*

The paper bore a date five years old.

The mood which had held Mr. Smith in thrall for an hour or more, changed as ice changes on a hot stove. The depression fell away from him in an instant. With a curse, he flung the paper into the box, closed it, and kicking it beneath the bunk opened the door to the bar just as the men from the stable and block-house entered the room.

It seemed evident that the life of Cocky Smith contained a romance, and one not possessing the charm of novelty. Of the scores of blacklegs infesting the great West in those times, at least every other one might have looked tenderly on the portrait of some woman who had entered his life in bygone days, or cursed at the printed evidence of an old crime. In nine cases out of ten the past was irredeemably dead—with Cocky Smith it was not. But when he re-entered the bar he was, to all appearance, the same sober, distant Mr. Smith that the gang had left two hours before.

There were no greetings. The men en-

tered silently, almost doggedly; stamping the snow from their heavy, burlap-covered boots, and flinging open their rough buffalo coats as they met the warm air of the bar. They took seats about the now roaring stove, and sank into the state of dull apathy which characterizes men when they have become satiated with the companionship of those among whom they are thrown, each waiting for some word or event to arouse his individuality.

Mr. Smith warmed his hands at the stove; then went behind the bar, uncorked the single demijohn and turned it upside down. Not a drop, not an atom of moisture rewarded the act.

"No stage ter-night, Mr. Smith," said Sixty, as he gazed at the master.

"I'm afraid not, nor freight, either, Sixty," was the slow, spiritless answer as the demijohn was replaced on the shelf.

"No freight—consequently, no whiskey, an' it's colder'n hell!" vouchsafed a giant from across the room; and again silence fell.

The clock on the wall ticked a monotonous tattoo, the embers snapped, the brown paper timetable waved in the draught that found its way through the many crevices in the building, but the only cheerful sound was of the flames that bellowed up the sheet-iron stovepipe, causing the joints to crack like small pistol shots.

"Tell us a story, somebody," broke in Feathers, the blacksmith, a name given in tribute to his sparse red beard; "I'm dogged if it ain't bad enough to be snowed in an' frozen out, an' no lickin', without bein' cussed with dumb sassiety. Say, Marve Tuttle, trot out a yarn; I'm 'most dead o' onnery, as they say in France, an' there's no cold tea agin the freight comin'."

"I ain't got no mo' yarns," returned that individual, with a marked Southern accent.

"By G—d! tell us the truth, then, fer a change," was the quick retort; which sally raised a laugh and caused a shuffling of feet.

"If Marve should tell the truth it would be about desartin' from th' Confederacy," piped in Sixty, with a wink at the rest. "Wot was the last war news, hey? Wot a pair o' legs fer runnin'?"

"You be doggoned, Mr. Sixty!" retorted Marve, good-naturedly joining in the laugh at his own expense. "Bein' you air not a provo marshal, I'd as lief allow it as not; only I never desarted. Co'se I never desarted. 'Cause why? 'Cause I was drummed

out. Say, fellers, pitch onter Sixty fer the truth, an' I'll bet four bones o' red eye—when it comes, that you'll get a sweet-scented lot o' information as to what's the best way ter jump jail to prevent hangin'."

"Wot if he did, Marve? Wouldn't you stand by him if he was threatened ter be took?" asked Feathers, as the laugh died away.

"Co'se I would—to Sixty; but not to any other man fer murder, I reckon. Sixty's too much fun. I reckon 'twant nothin' worse nor horse stealin', was it, Sixty?"

Sixty smiled feebly and withdrew from the contest. Had an outsider thus impugned his honesty and standing in society, it would have been a serious matter; for though this crestfallen, overgrown child was as supple as a wand among his companions, he would have resented to the death any insult from a stranger.

"I'll tell you what, boys," interrupted the blacksmith, "it's a d—n good game to play—fer a change, this here game o' truth—only you don't play it right!"

"As how, then?" queried Bishop.

"Why, ye pile hands, ye know," he explained, directly ignoring Sixty and addressing the others, "an' the bottom hand pulls out and puts on the top, an' ye keeps doin' it till a set signal, when the one that's on the bottom haster swear by the bones of his defunct great-grandmother an' the Bible—jest as they do in court, ye know—that he'll tell the truth to any one question arsked, no matter how deep it cuts; the loser ter stand treat. Now, I'll swear ter gosh I'll tell the truth if it comes ter me, an' perhaps we'll find out if Sixty be a jail bird or a horse thief, as Mr. Tuttle insinuated."

"I'm blowed ef I'm afeered! I don't reckon any on us is afeered," said Tuttle, always ready for the simplest entertainment or the most foolhardy adventure. "Will you come in on it, Mr. Smith? There ain't nothin' better in sight!"

The temerity of Tuttle caused the rest to look toward Smith, who had been listening to the coarse badinage as a schoolmaster listens to the folly of children; but to the surprise of the group he laid his hand on the bar with the words: "Come on, only this to be above board, boys. The man who will lie after swearing on the bones of his great-grandmother deserves horsewhipping, and he'll get it if he's found out."

A dozen rough hands were piled on the plank of the bar, the men jostling each other and laughing as they entered into the spirit

of the, to them, decidedly novel game of "Truth."

"Wot's ter be the signal?" asked Feathers, as he topped the pile with a hand like a small pillow.

"Somebody fire a gun!" suggested Bishop, an idea at once rejected, as it would be necessary for one hand to be withdrawn, besides throwing out the question of chance.

"Let it be the third crack of the stove," said Smith, and the sextet fell into silence as the master withdrew his hand from the bottom and placed it on the top.

The twelve rough paws moved quickly, and the pipe gave a decided crack before the sixth man had shifted his hand.

"One!" said Mr. Smith.

A dead silence save for the muffled shuffling of horny palms.

"Two!" he marked, ten seconds later.

And then there came a long pause, during which the hands fairly flew from the bottom to the top, each man more anxious to avoid the penalty of being indebted for drinks to the crowd than for any desire to evade the pain of telling the truth.

"Three!" shouted Bishop, as the pipe gave a prodigious crack. The movement stopped instantly. Mr. Smith's hand rested on the counter, held down by the pile above it.

Instead of protesting at his bad luck, the station master seemed relieved. Perhaps this reticent man had his weak moments, as we all have, and a partial unburdening to the jury before him, a jury predisposed in his favor, might lift, to a slight extent, the matter which in his sober moments lay like a load upon his soul. Collectively, his rough companions made a strange father-confessor for a man of his stamp, but he knew that each man of them, uncouth, uneducated, a mere pariah in society, had a sense of justice and a large ability to make allowances as well. Yet woe to him who struck the wrong chord while appealing to their mercy.

Mr. Smith emptied his pipe and entered his sanctum for a new supply of tobacco. Instantly five heads drew together, and when the master returned, Feathers was coughing in the embarrassment of having been selected spokesman to put the question.

"Well, lads, what is it to be?" asked Smith, as he struck a match on his buck-skinned thigh.

Feathers coughed again and spoke out. "We hain't had long to consider the matter, Cocky—I mean Mr. Smith—but we decided that we had best know who ye be

rightly—where ye comes from, an' how comes yer."

The agent's eyes gave a snap inward, but they immediately became clear and mild as he gazed at the speaker. Slowly walking behind the bar, his usual position, he rested his elbows on the plank and said:

"There was no bargain for three questions, my man. I'll not lie, but you'll not get either my name or where I am originally from. The truth of what brought me here you may have, if that will be satisfactory; in fact, I feel it would do me good to stand and deliver, and when I'm through you will all know why I withheld the rest."

"That's square enough," returned Feathers, appealing to the others by a glance which comprehended the party; "then let's have how ye come to drift to this bloomin' hole."

"It's enough to know that I am from the East," began the master, "and that about five years ago, in a fit of drunken madness I killed a man——"

"I bet he war a skunk an' desarved it!" broke in Sixty, with a fine show of tactless patronage.

"Shut up!" came in full chorus from the others, and Sixty, again defeated, sank back.

Mr. Smith took a long breath, not so much in anger as relief, and continued without noticing the interruption. But he was no longer the Cocky Smith known by his fellows. His gaze became intense and fixed beyond his audience, as though he was looking at a vision which had appeared on the rough wall of the barroom. He spoke more to himself than to the group before him.

"I killed a man, and though I was to suffer in hell for saying it, no man deserved it more."

Sixty made an effort to speak, but his better judgment prevailed.

"God knows there was neither cold blood nor fancied insult," the master continued. "I was drunk—crazy drunk, but the drink only made me callous; it was not the cause. Had I been sober I would not have done it, and then would have cursed myself for weakness. There are some crimes the law cannot punish without punishing guilty and innocent alike. I killed him! I killed him! and before Almighty God, I believe I was only a tool sent to do justice to a low, cowardly, lying blackguard who had almost wrecked my life and was trying to wreck my heart with it. Damn him, I say!"

Mr. Smith stopped, lowered his voice,

which had been raised to a shout, seemed to return to his surroundings, and then proceeded.

"I came West, escaping those the law put on my track, and took to mining. You know how Watts shot at me in the back up at the camp; he paid for being fool enough to miss me. The court acquitted me, so my hands are clear of him. Well, the stage company wanted pluck, and I had half a name for that, so here I am. It don't do for one to blow his own horn, but you all see to what a state injustice may drive a man, and though I have smashed clean through the law, I still defy it to hold me to account for that one piece of business. Before I would submit I would stand at bay and die. But there is small chance for that, my men; I am dead to them, lads, dead. That's all! I feel better!"

"I said he war a skunk!" blurted Sixty, past all restraint. "Say, pardner, is there any objections to a sayin' who that devil war?"

The master was walking up and down the limited space behind the bar. At the question he raised his head, stopped abruptly and shot out two words:

"My brother."

Then he turned, crossed the floor and entered his own room.

A long, low whistle followed his disappearance. For a full minute not a man spoke, then with almost one accord they went out. To these gentle savages it was one thing for a man to kill a man, but for a man to kill his own brother was beyond their simple comprehension.

The quarters of the stage gang were in the block-house. The building was unheated and terribly cold, and though the hour was early, each one went to his bunk, the only remark referring to the late episode coming from Tuttle as he tumbled into his narrow bed:

"Cussed fine game—this game o' Truth. After that, lyin'll seem kinder wholesome-like!"

Near midnight Cocky came out of his room. He could not sleep. As he had said, he felt better. Though his guilt had not been abated one jot, there was off his mind the awful strain of secrecy, and it seemed to him as though a step, small as it had been, had advanced him toward light. He replenished the fire and went to the front door. The night was exquisite. The half-grown moon had topped the eastern highlands, and its gleam shot off the icy peaks



as though they were capped with polished steel. Over the snow the trees and buildings cast shadows as intense and black as if in the glare of an electric light. The wind had died to a perfect calm; not a cloud flecked the blue, and the tremendous cold made the air so dry that he could almost hear the bark on the logs of the cabin crack and curl in the fearful temperature.

He had stood but a moment in the doorway when his ear caught a sharp cry from far down the valley. The single sound had barely died away ere it was followed by a series of shouts and whoops that echoed faintly along the mountain sides. Cocky's mind was practical, albeit it was impulsive. Without wasting time to procure hat or coat, he plunged through the snow to the block-house, and throwing open the unfashioned door, shouted into the black interior:

"Up, boys! The Bannocks! the Bannocks!"

In five minutes every man stood outside with his ears strained down the valley.

"Never heered o' the Bannocks turnin' loose in dead o' winter afore," said Bishop, as a whoop as if from the combined lungs of a dozen warriors swelled up from below, followed by two or three pistol shots.

"Friz an' starved desprit, perhaps!" suggested Feathers.

Mr. Smith was standing apart from the group. As the long barking whoops died with the shots, a light broke on him. He said, suddenly:

"There are no redskins there, men. I was mistaken; it's the stage or freight in distress. Redskins never take midwinter for raids or midnight for attacks. We have got to see what's up."

Smith had been right in his conjecture. The freight had lost a wheel of the leader and was stalled in an immense drift. The four men attending had raised the alarm to attract attention; but it was daylight before the wagons and teams had drawn up to the station.

"We've got a case o' freeze-out in the swing, yonder," said one of the teamsters, as the train pulled up in front of the block-house. "I almost forgot him. The stage didn't try to get beyond The Dives, but this here bloke said he must get on an' so we let him in. He's a sure enough tenderfoot, an' the cold an' whiskey has laid him out."

Mr. Smith parted the canvas cover of the swing and peered in. On a heap of freight lay a slight man whose features were not discernible in the gloom of the early morn-

ing, and giving directions to have the half frozen and more than half drunken stranger carried to a passenger bunk in the stage-room, the agent superintended the unloading of the boxes, bales and barrels consigned to Pleasant Valley. These contained supplies for the station, and by the time the repaired freight train had departed, Mr. Smith was comfortably intoxicated and had gone to his bed towards noon to make up for lost time. With him had gone a two gallon demijohn, and by night he had made up for lost time; he was drunk, very drunk, and his eyes, which the evening before had gazed squarely and even kindly upon his companions, now locked like gimlets, and each bloodshot ball turned sharply inward. Not a soul had seen him since morning, and now, in Western parlance, Mr. Smith was "very fit."

In the stage-room the stranger lay looking at the slab ceiling, marking the shadows of the coming night creep downward. He was very comfortable and hated to move. The ice had been thawed out of him and the effects of liquor dissipated by his long sleep; but the way his breath distilled moisture on his beard and mustache told him of the frigidity of the outer world, so he cuddled into the warm bunk and felt willing to let time drift. He had decided that haste was not always speed. He would wait for the stage due the following noon.

By and by the men came in for supper. Two of the freight teamsters had "laid over," their places having been taken by Bishop and Pink, and as the five discussed their meal there was a repetition of the tale of the game of Truth and the information which had been drawn from Cocky Smith.

The single candle in the large room did little more than light up the hairy faces surrounding it, for with the completion of making coffee, the great fire at the end of the apartment had died too low to be more than a dull red eye in the distance. Therefore, no one noticed that in the middle of the conversation the stranger had risen on his elbow, and, with his hand to his ear, was drinking in every word. The vernacular is difficult to the uncultivated, but his acquaintance with the ordinary idioms of the West, though short, had been sufficient to enable him to winnow out the fact that the station master had come from the East five years before, after having killed his own brother in the rage of drunken craziness.

The stranger lay down and breathed hard as the story ceased, and the gang shuffled

off to the more comfortable precincts of the bar and its fresh store of whiskey. They had hardly closed the door behind them before the sick man was out of his bunk attempting to get his legs into his icy boots. He was very weak, and had but just succeeded in stamping one foot into its place when Sixty re-entered the room. Sixty was fairly along in liquor, himself, but on a nature like his, alcohol only increased his simplicity and garrulity. Child-like and even-tempered, Sixty, with his high and thin voice, was the butt of the station, a fact, which like a child, he resented in spirit though not in action, holding only the desire to "get even" some day; but how, he had not the wit to fathom, and circumstances had as yet given him no chance to be distinguished above his fellows.

Passing to his bunk on some private errand, Sixty threw a greeting to the stranger, and then joined him that he might give rein to his loosened tongue, feeling that here was a pair of ears that would listen, and here a man who would not dare "sit on him." But he was not prepared for the first words from his hoped-for audience.

"Say, my friend, did you hear that story last night?"

"Wot ef I did?" was the answer.

"Well, every d—n word of it was true—except one."

"Watcher you talkin' about?" asked Sixty.

"About the story told by Bill Lewis—his name's Lewis, not Smith!"

Sixty's small eyes expanded.

"I knowed it wa'n't Smith, an' now who be you an' where is the lie ye air so glib about?"

"Well, I didn't mean a lie—only he didn't kill his brother, though he meant to, and thought he had; his brother's alive to-day. Pity somebody didn't kill him. Sit down and I'll tell you."

Sixty gave a sucking noise meant to be a whistle, and concluded it by damning his eyes and seating himself on the edge of the bunk.

"Say; I don't know you, but I want you to tell Lewis, or Smith, to come here quick," continued the stranger, dropping his voice and growing confidential in manner. "I want to see him. He ran away from a shadow, and we've hunted for him and advertised for him until we came to believe he had joined the army and was dead. He's a free man to-day—in the law—and pretty well off, too, and I want to be the man to

tell him. Say! hold on! sit down! Help me on with this boot; I'm as weak as a cat!"

During this hurried recital Sixty's mouth had opened proportionately as wide as his eyes; that is, to their furthest extent; but loyal to his superior, he was not prepared to accept all that he had heard. A glimmer of suspicion glanced athwart his slow brain, and his jaws shut like a trap as he bent forward and glared hard at the stranger.

"Who in h—I be *you*, anyhow? An' how do ye know that Smith is the man? Aire ye meanin' fair, or be ye trumpin' up some game to git hold o' him if he *is* Lewis? Drop that boot an' tell me plain!"

"Why, man, you don't think half as much of Bill Lewis as I do!" came the ready answer, as the speaker looked up as though surprised that a doubt should be cast on his statement. "He was going to marry my sister when his brother tried to get between them in the dirty way he had—and then that thing happened. Bill's brother always hated him. Say—I'm Sheriff Blythe of Chenango County, New York; elected a year ago, and I'm after a chap up in the mines. It was a god-send that I got drunk and was frozen out last night and had to lay over. It'll be the making of Lewis—and me, too. Of course, it is possible that I am mistaken about the man, but, I take it, there were not a lot of men killing their brothers and running away at that time, an' I'll know him as soon as I put eye on him. This thing happened five years ago; isn't that right? Say! hold on a minute! Where are you going?"

But Sixty had gone. Between the clear and concise statement, frankly and unhesitatingly given, and the matching of the links of evidence, all doubts as to the truth of the story had gone with him. Cocky Smith was not a murderer. He was a free man—and rich, too. Never in his life had Sixty felt so important, and though the stage-room, which adjoined the block-house, was not more than three hundred feet from the bar, during the short journey Sixty's sluggish brain, aroused to an unusual pitch, had formed a plot in the realization of which he would shine as one of the lights in a grand, dramatic finale. Here was his chance at last. Would not Cocky forever be the friend of the man who first carried to his ear the news of his luck and immunity from the law? Of course. But Sixty would not be fool enough to blurt it out at once.

Not he. This was a morsel to be worked up to a climax. The poor fellow did not use the word "climax," but the idea was expressed, as he said to himself: "Yer got to knock a man down afore he knows how good it is ter stand up. I'll jest natchully blast the boys till their eyes hang out first; then I'll go ter work and brighten Cocky up. I reckon I kin do it. That other feller have the tellin' o' this yarn? Not much! It's lucky I went back an' heered it!"

If Sixty had not been so full of self-importance and whiskey, or had been possessed of finer mental qualities, he might have noticed the air of unusual constraint which pervaded his fellows as he entered the bar-room. It was not because the men were silent; that they often were, and for hours together; but because of the fact that the attention of each man was intently fixed on Cocky Smith, who was in his usual quarters; that is, behind the bar. He seemed to be making a critical examination of his countenance in a triangular piece of broken mirror nailed against the wall, stroking his shining black beard with his right hand, while his left held a tin cup half full of whiskey. His back was toward the door.

Certainly this was a great chance for Sixty. Here was a quiet audience ready to be waked up; here the unconscious hero. Hardly an eye shifted as the young, old man entered the room and closed the door behind him. Advancing to the bar, he brought his hardened hand down on the plank with a bang and blurted out:

"Say, Cocky—or Bill Lewis o' the town o' Chenannygo County o' the State o' Noo York—there's Sheriff Blythe, or some sich name, o' your place in the stage-room, an' he's come arter ye— Oh, my God Almighty!"

Mr. Smith had turned around slowly, and Sixty saw his face.

The agent's eyes were like coals of fire; the small pupils seemingly focused on his nose, now thin and contracted. Mr. Smith was crazy drunk.

Sixty stood like one stricken with death, but only for a second, only long enough to see the quick sweep of the master's right hand from his right hip, and the sparking of metal, then with a yell he dropped to the floor in front of the bar in time to avoid the spurt of flame, and the bullet that buried itself in the opposite wall. The master replaced his revolver, smiled a satanic smile, and quietly drank off the whiskey he still held in his left hand.

Five minutes after, Sixty was the centre of the circle that had gathered in the snow a quarter of a mile up the valley. He had scrambled to his feet after the assault, and fled wildly through the deep drifts where he had been followed by the gang as much out of curiosity as fear. None of them was a coward; not even the poor butt who was at last the hero of a minute, but the suddenness of the affair had staggered them, and it was not considered conducive to longevity to remain in the society of a crazy man with a gun. If Mr. Smith, or Mr. Lewis, or whatever his name might be, was going to run amuck, they would be prepared for him; and it was resolved that the party would arm and the stranger be placed on his guard. If left entirely alone, the master would sleep off his drunk by morning and be amenable to reason. They were not aggressive—these men. No harm had yet been done and each of them "knew how it was" himself.

In the bleak stage-room the stranger waited, boot in hand, for the return of Sixty or the coming of the man he so wished to see. The minutes dragged by and no one appeared. It was fearfully cold, and but for the light of the single candle, the darkness was intense. Once he heard a sound like a shot, and some loud shouting, but he did not attribute it to its proper cause, and afterward the old silence came down like a blanket. He would wait no longer. Slowly he got into his remaining boot and felt around for his heavy coat, which he finally found, threw it about his shoulders and sallied out. He saw but one building displaying a light, and to this he went, stumbling along the rough, half-trodden path. He had no eyes for the lice of black specks moving over the snow in the distance, and with a mind bent only on seeing his old friend as soon as possible, he opened the bar door and entered. The room was empty.

With the departure of the gang, Mr. Smith walked up and down like a man asleep, only a slight occasional lurch betraying his condition. Presently he went to his room, and leaving the door slightly ajar, seated himself on a log in a manner to command through the opening the interior of the bar. Drawing his revolver he waited, a devilish leer in his eyes, and his teeth set like the jaws of a sprung trap.

He did not wait long. Blythe came into the room and stood irresolute. Advancing to the stove, he turned toward the partly

open door he saw beyond, and in a clear and hearty voice, said:

"Is William Lewis or Smith inside?"

His answer was a deafening report, and the Sheriff of Chenango spun around as if on a pivot and fell heavily to the floor.

Late the next day Cocky Smith or William Lewis came to his senses. His head ached fearfully, and he discovered that he had retired with his hat and clothes on. He was conscious of having had a series of bad dreams, and the cold which had assailed his but partly protected body had stiffened him so that he could scarcely move. He dragged himself into the outer room. The fire was out and on the floor was a slight splash of blood.

"The boys have been at it," he murmured. "I wonder who was hurt. I must have been very drunk not to remember."

The master was not yet entirely sober, but his eyes were almost straight as he hobbled behind the bar and poured out a morning bracer. The stage would be along to-day surely, and he must pull himself together. He looked out of the window. The sun which shone from a flawless sky threw a blinding glare on the snow, and by its height showed the hour was past noon. As he glanced toward the block-house he saw Sixty, Tuttle and Feathers come out of the stage-room door and advance toward the bar-room, and it astonished him, somewhat to observe that the three carried rifles. He awaited their advent wonderingly, for the fact that they were heavily armed and had stopped for a whispered consultation when within a few feet of the barroom, made him suspect that something out of the common was afoot.

And there was. The sheriff lay in the stage-room, dying fast. From the moment the day had dawned he had been calling for the man who had shot him, but not a soul had dared to awake the murderer and deliver the message. By noon it was seen that the wounded man could not last long, and a pressure was put on Sixty, who had been the cause of the trouble, to take all risks. But this he flatly refused to do without an armed escort, hence the squad which approached and at length entered the bar, three sober, rough and determined men.

Sixty advanced with his companions but a step in the rear. As he saw the master standing in his old position behind the bar and marked the change in his face, a sigh of relief escaped him and the butt of his rifle

came to the floor. The slight slant of the eyes that met his told him that Mr. Smith was not to be feared, and without preface he said:

"Cocky, he wants ter see yer. He's agoin' fast an' says as how he must see yer."

"Who?" asked the master, in genuine surprise.

"Sheriff somebody o' some place; it don't much matter what he is, I reckon; anyhow, it's the feller ye shot last night arter ye tried ter pot me. I war an ass to break on yer the way I did, but I didn't know ye war beastly paralyzed. It's tough luck fer all around. It's mighty bad fer you, Cocky—mighty bad—ain't it, boys?"

Cocky's eyes looked strangely at the trio before him, and with an exclamation his hand fell to his right hip with that peculiar shoulder motion so well known to those who "carry a gun." Instantly he was covered by three rifles.

"Hold hard, men! I understand!" he shouted, as he threw up his hands. "Come and take my gun, Sixty, I only wished to count the cartridges."

Sixty went behind the counter, took the revolver from its pouch, threw out the chamber and discharged two empty shells, which he tossed on the bar. "One of them d--n things was fer me!" he said, laconically, "an' ye may find the lead around here summers."

"By G--d!" exclaimed the master. "I must have done some mischief last night. I thought it was a dream, but on my oath I know nothing about it. Take me to your man."

The sheriff lay in the lightest and airiest bunk in the room. His eyes were turned to the open door through which the sunlight fell in a great square that brightened the rafters and gave almost a look of cheerfulness to the barren apartment. As the shadow of the master darkened the door, the wounded stranger made a feeble attempt to raise himself, but fell back with a groan, though he stretched out his hand to the man who walked stiffly across the floor.

"You are Bill Lewis!" he said.

The agent stopped suddenly, bent forward for an instant, and then in almost a whisper exclaimed:

"Great God above me—it is Harry Blythe!"

"Aye, Bill—aye, Bill," was the low reply. "I didn't expect this yet awhile, but it has come. Why did it come now? Never mind—only I wanted to see you and say I

meant no harm to you. I couldn't. I had found you by accident—and everything was all right. Tom is not dead—you didn't kill him—and—Lillian found out all about it, and her heart has been eating itself away through longing for you, Bill, for more than five years. Oh, my God! old boy! Must I die and by your—”

The man stopped without finishing the sentence, and Lewis seemed carved in stone as he sat on the edge of the bunk looking into the face of his old friend. Not a word in answer; not a quiver of his eyes, and they were straight enough and mild enough now. The blow he had received was worse to him than the bullet was to Blythe. He had found his hell.

One by one the men had gathered about, but there was no noise save the swish of the wind through the pines outside and the crackling of the fire that had been made in the great cavern at the end of the room. After a wait of a minute or two Blythe made an effort and continued:

“I saw how everything was going to be bright, and while I was walking up to see you, I thought of the letter I would write to Lillian—poor girl—and, Bill—your father—died and you were fixed—and Tom went to Europe—and all rough places seemed smoothed over—and I was sheriff—and you could have gone back with me—and married Lillian. But now, Bill, what can you do after—this? Oh, God! you poor fellow, what can you do now?”

He had raised his voice to almost a shout as he spoke the last words. As he stopped he lifted himself, or tried to, sank back, closed his eyes, and thus died with his hand in the hand of his murderer, and without a word of accusation.

One after the other the men stole away, but William Lewis uttered not a sound. Apparently unmoved, and certainly unmoving, he continued to sit in the same position until the hand within his was icy cold and growing stiff. Then he arose and returned to the barroom.

The men had gathered about the stove in which they had kindled a fire, and a litter of chips and pine needles covered the red spot on the floor. The master passed through the group without a word, and entered his own room. His face was as pale as that of the man he had but just left, but it had an expression that none of the hands had seen before. As Tuttle remarked afterward: “I never seen Cocky's mug look so kinder wholesome as it did when he slid by us.”

Within ten minutes after the agent entered his room there came a shot from within. Every man about the stove knew its import, yet for some time not one of them stirred. When at last they went to him they found that he had placed the photograph of a woman over his naked breast, and through it he had fired the shot which had reached his heart. Out in the barroom Sixty sat sobbing like a child.

## WHO MAY WITH THE SHREWD HOURS STRIVE?

By ARTHUR COLTON

Who may with the shrewd hours strive?

Too thrifty dealers they,  
That with the one hand blandly give,  
With the other take away.

And glitters there some falling flake,  
Some dust of gold, between  
The hands that give and hands that take  
Slipped noiseless and unseen.

Ah, comedy of bargainings!  
Whose gain of years we found  
A little silt of golden things  
Forgotten on the ground.



*Falk photo.*

Interior of the Box Office, Metropolitan Opera House.

## THE BUSINESS SIDE OF GRAND OPERA

By GUSTAV KOBBE

Author of "Wagner's Life and Works," etc., etc.

**B**BROADLY speaking, the duties of an opera manager are to keep an eye on everybody and everything connected with his company, from the principal prima donna, who receives \$1,700 a performance, to the "practical" property monkey which opens its jaws and shows its gums in one of the scenes in the "Magic Flute." This statement will perhaps convey some idea of the variety which enters into the life of a manager of grand opera.

The most renowned representative of this active species in this country is Mr. Maurice Grau, the "managing director" and president of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, which sings at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

While the leading members of Mr. Grau's company appear in perhaps six or eight performances a month, Mr. Grau may be said to give a continuous performance all the year around. For when the singers are not in a scene before the audience, they are apt to be making a scene in the impresario's office. The plot and situations of these private representations are generally based on the numerous intricacies always to be found in opera singers' contracts.

To an ordinary mortal, a contract of this kind appears like a labyrinth, without a kindly Ariadne to furnish the thread enabling him to find his way out of the maze of conditions. Considering that a grand opera impresario has not one such contract, but a



whole stack of them, it is wonderful how he can remember just what he can call upon each of his singers to do. Some idea of the work and diplomacy required to "sign" the leading members of an opera company like that at the Metropolitan may be gathered from a clause in the contract which Mr. Grau has with the Maurice Grau Opera Company. It provides that should he be disabled or die at any time after he has engaged his artists for the ensuing season—even before the season is begun, and in fact before the artists engaged abroad have sailed for this

tracts that they call for advance payments, and Mr. Grau, while engaging his company during the summer, is obliged to pay out about \$100,000 in advances.

The public is apt to hear of large earnings on the preliminary tours, and of enormous advance sales in New York, but knows little about the expenses of an opera company and the worries of its manager. It sounds very grandiose to say that, including the money taken in on tour and the advance sales in New York, the curtain at the first performance at the Metropolitan Opera



*Aime Dupont photo.*

Maurice Grau.

country—his heirs shall nevertheless be entitled to draw out his share of the profits during the entire season. In other words, Mr. Grau is considered to have earned his money before the curtain goes up on the first performance—in fact, even before the company is assembled in this country. Not only has he to exercise the shrewdness necessary to meet the whims and demands of the singers whom he wishes to engage, but a large amount of money passes through his hands while he is still closing the contracts. It is a peculiarity of operatic con-

tracts that they call for advance payments, and Mr. Grau, while engaging his company during the summer, is obliged to pay out about \$100,000 in advances. The public is apt to hear of large earnings on the preliminary tours, and of enormous advance sales in New York, but knows little about the expenses of an opera company and the worries of its manager. It sounds very grandiose to say that, including the money taken in on tour and the advance sales in New York, the curtain at the first performance at the Metropolitan Opera

Doubtless, however, the impresario would

consider the drawing of checks to meet these expenses a comparatively agreeable occupation if it would insure him against the personal trials which are the bane of his life. Mr. Grau formerly issued a prospectus of each season. He has ceased doing so. The artists nearly worried the life out of him because this one wanted to be first in the list of prima donnas, tenors, baritones or bassos; this one last with the magic word "and" before his name. That "and" was a great invention. It made the first and last on the list about co-equal and enabled the manager to satisfy at least two signers in each branch of his company. But the relief was only temporary. There soon were as many candidates for the "and" as there had been for the head of the list. So Mr. Grau got out of the difficulty by abandoning the prospectus altogether. He did, indeed, issue a prospectus for the tour this season, in which he diplomatically, as he thought, printed the names in their alphabetical order. But this raised a hubbub, compared with which the storm in "Die Walküre" and the crash in the *finale* of "Götterdämmerung" were as the whispering of spring breezes.

By abandoning the prospectus, Mr. Grau rid himself of one worry. But there are others which probably will never cease until opera singers' natures undergo a complete change. To look upon the splendid physical proportions of some of Mr. Grau's principal singers you would hardly suppose they were such delicate creatures as they sometimes appear to be. But whether it is "indisposition" or a mere whim prompted, perhaps, by jealousy, there is no going behind a physician's certificate, even if it is not sent to the opera house earlier than an hour or two prior to the performance in which the singer was to have taken the leading rôle. Then perhaps the impresario recalls the scene in his office a day or two before, when the singer, who is suddenly "indisposed," wanted to know why he let another prima donna sing *Aida* when it was her rôle; or why he should have cast Mme. A. for *Elizbeth* in the first performance of "Tannhäuser" when it had always been her—Mme. B's—privilege to sing that rôle in the first representation of the opera. Nor does it add a touch of pleasure to Mr. Grau's reflections as he contemplates the physician's certificate, to recall the fact that it was he who made that prima donna's fortune.

This manager conducted several tours for Sarah Bernhardt. She appeared about 1,500

times under his direction. During that entire period there were only five performances in which she disappointed her audiences. In physique she is almost a shadow compared with some opera singers, who have disappointed Mr. Grau as often as five times a month. Naturally, he thinks there is some constitutional difference between actors and singers. One could hardly apply the old quip, "An empty cab drove up and out stepped Sarah Bernhardt" to a *Brünhilde*. Yet it has been Mr. Grau's experience that some *Brünhildes* are more apt to vanish into thin air on the eve of a performance than the great French actress, whose slender physique furnished so much amusement to the paragraphers.

Mr. Grau says that he has often worked the greater part of two days and far into the nights arranging a week's repertoire. For the repertoire must be made up with a view to many conditions. It must be sufficiently varied, so that Mrs. C., who has a certain box on "even nights and odd matinees," is not required to listen too often to the same opera; while similar consideration must be paid to Mrs. D., who has the same box for "odd nights and even matinees."

But this is a trifling matter compared with the guarantees of the singers which the impresario must observe in making out the repertoire. A prima donna will have for instance a guarantee that he will give her forty performances in four months, or ten performances a month, at a thousand dollars a performance. This means that he must arrange for her to appear exactly ten times during each month. He cannot crowd twelve or fifteen performances into one month for her, and then let her sing a correspondingly fewer number of times during the remaining months. For every performance above the guaranteed ten which she gives during a month she receives an extra thousand dollars, with the privilege of appearing her regular ten times during the next month. If, however, the impresario should fail to arrange for her to sing more than eight times during a month, he would nevertheless still be obliged to pay her for ten performances. For this reason, unless her guarantees are carefully observed by the manager when he is making out the repertoire, every mistake he makes with regard to this particular prima donna costs him a thousand dollars. There are two singers in this season's Metropolitan Opera House company, a mistake with whom would cost the impresario \$1,700. It is no wonder, therefore,



After the Opera.

that Mr. Grau makes out a week's repertoire with a sort of checker-board before him divided into squares for each performance here and out of town, and with slips of paper containing the names of the singers for pawns, while, before him, for the rules of the game, he has an abstract of his various contracts showing what each singer has been guaranteed as regards rôles and number of performances.

Even after all this work has been gone through with, there is still the question, "Will this repertoire stand?" Mr. Grau has such a dread of physicians' certificates coming in at the last moment, that he does not feel safe until, from his seat in the parqu岸, he sees the curtain rise. It is bad enough to have to change prima donnas at the last moment, although that is a matter that can generally be arranged over the telephone. But when several principal singers in a cast have become indisposed, and it is found necessary to change the opera, then quick work is required. Half a dozen messengers are sent scurrying in all directions. The manager may have thought of putting on "Lohengrin." He must be sure of an *Elsa*. Therefore, a messenger is sent to each of the prima donnas who have this rôle in their repertoire. Neither of them may be able to sing, and so, although the hour is late, another opera may have to be substituted for "Lohengrin." As many as four changes in the opera for the night may have been made in an afternoon, and

at times it has been only by a hair's breadth that the house has not remained dark.

Last season in order to save a performance of "Rheingold," Mme. Lehmann, who had never sung the rôle of *Frika*, was obliged to learn it in an afternoon. Fortunately, she was familiar with the music from often having heard the opera. Her sister, Marie Lehmann, who was with her, had sung the rôle many times, but could not step into the breach, because being a pensionaire of the Vienna Opera House, she would forfeit her pension if she sang on any other stage. She was, however, able to assist Mme. Lehmann materially in "swallowing" the rôle, and prompted and coached her from the wings.

Mr. Grau has a very large company, and has sometimes been considered an extravagant manager because he has so many prima donnas and so many tenors on his list. He is greatly amused at this point of view, for there have been many occasions when he has found that instead of having too many singers he has too few.

The expenses of an opera company like that which Mr. Grau manages average from \$40,000 to \$45,000 a week, or about \$1,000,000 a season. How greatly the principal singers figure in the expense list may be judged from the statement that their guarantees amount to about one-half, or \$500,000. Quoting the exact figures from last season's balance sheet it is found that the prima donnas received \$216,800, and the



*Savony photo.*

Frank W. Sanger.

The Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House.

principal men singers \$316,000, a total of \$532,800. Is it policy to pay such high salaries? The question is answered by the statement made to me by Mr. Grau that the performances which cost him most pay him best. The public knows when it is getting a great cast, and is willing to put out money to hear it. It may have cost over \$10,000 to raise the curtain on the "seven dollar" performance of "Les Huguenots" with Melba, Nordica, "Jean," "Edouard," Lasalle and Maurel. But the public paid nearly \$14,000 to hear it. The record performance of last season was the closing one at which the boxes were not controlled by the stockholders. There was \$18,500 in the house.

Speaking of the boxes, it is an interesting fact that ownership of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House has proved itself a profitable investment. The parterre boxes

which are held by the stockholders represent \$35,000 in stock. One of the boxes belonging to an estate could recently have been sold for \$72,000; but the estate preferred to keep it. The value of a parterre box is \$100 a night, and the stockholders pay half this amount to the Maurice Grau Opera Company. There have been two instances this season of the letting of stockholder boxes for \$6,000 for the season. This is certainly paying high for the privilege of sitting within the charmed circle of the "glittering horse shoe."

There is a general opinion that the stockholders support the opera, and that the general public may consider itself highly privileged to be admitted at all to the sacred precincts. As a matter of fact, if the opera depended for its existence upon the support of the stockholders, the doors of the Metro-

politan Opera House would never be open. The bottom would drop out of the whole enterprise. The parquet and the galleries are the manager's chief reliance. Opera is not a social function; it is a public institution, and without the public's support would collapse like a house of cards.

I have referred to the half a million dollars paid during the season to the principal singers. The next largest item is \$90,000 for the orchestra, and next to that comes \$25,000 for transportation. In speaking of expensive performances, I have mentioned that of "Les Huguenots" when it cost over \$10,000 to raise the curtain. At that performance, however, scenery, costumes and properties were not new. When an opera is produced for the first time the cost of these must be added to the salaries for the night.

To see that the production of the new work is properly prepared for is one of the chief duties of a grand opera manager. The most elaborate of the newly mounted operas this season has been "The Magic Flute." With what care it was planned, and with how much expense it was carried out, may be gathered from the fact that last summer Mr. Grau traveled all the way to Munich and took several of the heads of his departments with him to witness the revival of the work there. It is calculated that the production of the work here cost about \$35,000 exclusive of the running expenses of the evening. Various improvements on the Munich production were planned by Mr. Grau's assistants, and the manager had to study and approve of these, as well as keep control of the general scheme of production. In the scenic department alone fifteen new scenes and a double panorama over three hundred feet long from "gridiron" to cellar, and representing the passage of the hero and heroine through earth, fire and water, had to be provided. Here was one instance in which the German production was greatly improved upon. In Germany the panorama moved across the stage; here it works downward, so that the hero and heroine seem to ascend. Here, moreover, the panorama is double, the characters standing behind a front gauze, the latter adding greatly to the effectiveness of the scene. Another improvement was introduced almost at the outset of the performance, with the quick change of scene, at the entrance of the Queen of the Night. Here she descends seated on a moon over a dome of stars. The dome effect is admirably reproduced, and the back drop is studded with no less than

a thousand stars, all electrically lighted. While these details are studied out by Mr. Daingerfield, the scene painter and Mr. Stewart, the electrician of the Opera House, they are submitted to Mr. Grau, and have to be carefully considered by him before receiving his final approval.

The same thing applies to the properties, which are prepared under the direction of Mr. Siedle, the property master of the house. For "The Magic Flute" a complete menagerie was required. In the property room upstairs, behind the scenes, this operatic Zoo was produced. It consisted of five snakes, four lions, one giraffe, one tiger, one elephant, one camel, two alligators, four monkeys, and about one hundred birds. Mr. Grau found himself, besides a grand opera manager, a Barnum on a small scale, but fortunately the animals in his menagerie did not require to be fed. Speaking of camels, reminds me of a contre-temps at the Opera House some years ago, which shows how thoroughly a manager has to keep his eyes open while a production is in preparation. An opera was given which had a procession with several camels in it. Each camel was worked by two men concealed in the body and representing the front and hind legs. Through an oversight, the men in these camels kept step like soldiers on parade as they came on the stage, and the result was absolutely ridiculous. The opera was withdrawn after a few performances, but the "pacing camels," as they were called, were long a source of amusement. The stage manager was responsible for the mistake, but the final consequence had to be borne by the manager.

Fortunately there is another side to the story of operatic management besides worry and expense. The window of the box office is a wee orifice compared with the size of the house, but through it flows the elixir of life—the money of the public. It is believed that the receipts of the New York season alone this year will amount to \$1,200,000.

If the public could get more than just a peep at the box office, it would learn a number of interesting things. For each performance 3,425 tickets are required, and it takes the box office staff two days to separate the single sale from the subscription tickets for each week, so that the latter shall not be sold in duplicate. All the tickets must be "racked" by Wednesday night, because the sale for the next week begins on Thursday. As a rule, a performance is not sold out until the night itself. But Mr.

Max Hirsch, who presides over the box office at the Metropolitan Opera House, tells me he remembers a Patti performance when the box office opened at nine o'clock in the morning and the house was sold out by one o'clock in the afternoon. The box office window at the Metropolitan Opera House drops with the curtain at night. There are two sellers on duty during the week, and three on Sunday night, because a Sunday night concert audience is what is known as a "late audience." It puts off buying tickets until the last moment.

Mr. Hirsch has considerable reputation among the theatre treasurers of the country as the author of a set of rules for the guidance of ticket sellers, some of which are as follows:

"You must be a mind reader."

"Never assert your rights."

"When a lady stands an hour or two, selecting a seat, don't suggest to her to bring her sewing and spend the afternoon, as she might be offended."

"When a man comes up to the window smoking a bad cigar and blows the smoke in your face, smile as if you liked it, and ask him where you can buy the same brand."

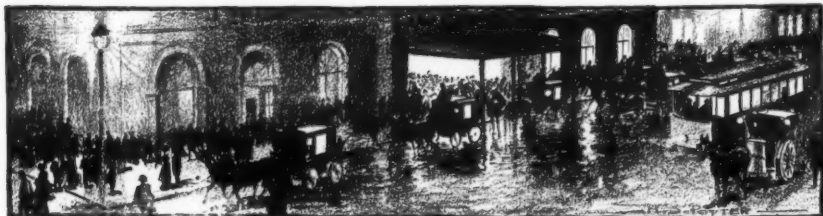
"When a person leaves a quarter, be sure to call him back, for he will come back later and declare he left a dollar."

Articles lost at the Opera House are turned in at the box office, where they are tagged and kept, ready to be delivered to the one who can prove ownership. They form a most heterogeneous collection. One season over one thousand keys were found, and in a closet in the box office there is a stack of umbrellas on one side and a heap of rubbers on the other. A few seasons ago a bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, certainly of over

\$10,000 in value, was found in one of the boxes. The next morning it was sent up to the house of the boxholder and promptly recognized. The most curious part of the incident was that the bracelet had not been missed by the lady who had worn it. The first she knew of its loss was its return. Among the most remarkable finds have been a set of false teeth, a morphine fiend's outfit and two silk hats. How two men could have deliberately walked out of the Opera House of a winter's night without realizing that they were minus their hats is a mystery. Possibly the charms of music had turned their heads.

Mr. Grau is fortunate in having an experienced manager like Mr. Frank Sanger, who is the manager of the Opera House and of the Opera Company (Mr. Grau being "managing director" and president of the company), at his right hand, and in having competent heads of departments, among whom, besides those mentioned, are Mr. Castel-Bert, designer of the costumes; Mr. Lionel Mapleson for the musical library; Mr. McGiehan for the stage carpentry; Herr Schumann and MM. Baudu and Rigo for the stage management; and Mr. Latham, as assistants.

But notwithstanding the able assistance Mr. Grau receives, he himself is the final and responsible head of the opera enterprise. Were it a failure, it would be he who would have to drain the bitter cup to the dregs. He is the nerve-centre of the opera season, whether it is regarded from the artistic or the business standpoint. He has been so liberal with the public, and established such a high standard for opera in this country, that it is pleasant to reflect that, while an opera company is an enormous hole into which to shovel money, some of it is found at the end of the season to have stuck to the shovel.





# A KENTUCKY

# WELCOME



By

EWAN MACPHERSON

"CENTRAL CITY? Central? *City?* Great Mercury!" These words the blond man with the gun case, who had been occupying a seat in the middle of the smoker, said over to himself, with great emphasis. Then he hurried to the door and said to the conductor:

"Look here, conductor, did you say this was Central *City?*"

"That's what I said, sir."

"Well, *but* where is it?"

"That's it in front of you. Better hurry up, if you're going to get off."

The man with the gun case hurried up and got off. It was afternoon, and February, and he saw, between rows of gray clapboarded frame houses, a flat wilderness of snow, under an atmosphere of brownish, frosty fog. Then he remembered his valise in the baggage car and hurried off to attend to that.

"Goin' to the Ben Hardin House, boss?" a chocolate-colored native cheerily shouted at him from behind.

He turned and looked for other hotel touts, but none troubled him, and so he said, "Yes," and the big chocolate man shouldered his valise.

"Say, major"—somebody had told the traveler that Kentucky negroes liked that title—"how far is it to the Ben Hardin?"

"How fur, sah? 'Tain't mo'n about a bit, sah. Fac, da's it, sah."

"Which? The bigger one?"

"Yes, sah."

The Ben Hardin appeared to be a gray frame house, much bigger than any other

building in sight except one that seemed to be a railroad shed of some sort. The Ben Hardin had a porch, and a light was beginning to show through one of the windows of its second story—for it had a second story—which made it the only consoling object in sight. As the train clanged and rumbled away over the shining rails and the snow, and through the murky, frosty fog, the traveler felt a strong inclination to shout: "Stop! Don't leave me here—I am a fellow creature." But he only smiled to himself and followed the chocolate man and the valise, shivering as he went.

It was not more than twenty steps, over rough planking, the Ben Hardin being situated at one end of the Central City depot, and the depot large, if the city was hardly perceptible. Through those twenty steps the new arrival wondered within him whether this could be the right way to get to General Cabell's place. A hotel clerk at Louisville had said: "If you start at one o'clock, you can sleep at Central City to-night and take the first train over in the morning. That will bring you to the farm in time for breakfast." In New York, before Christmas, Lucy Cabell had said: "Let us know when you're coming, so that we can have some one to meet you at——" Where? He had paid no attention to the name of the place where some one should have met him, because he did not want to be met, or even expected. And now he was wondering whether the name could have been Central City.

Mechanically following the negro, he looked up and about him at the sound of

his valise bumping on the counter in the hall of the Ben Hardin House. A big cast-iron stove beside him was all black and shiny at the top and glowing red at the bottom, and two long, lean men were craning their necks on either side of it, evidently very much interested in him. But what the dickens was the name of the place where Lucy Cabell had wanted him to be met by some one?

"Sign, sir?" A youth was pushing a register at him and holding out a pen.

"Central." It could not have been that. "Sentinel"—"Seminole." And he stood in a muse, tugging at one glove and staring at the red-hot stove.

"What name did you say, sir?"

He turned slowly to the acting clerk of the Ben Hardin, looked at him absently and repeated, "Name? I didn't say any name, did I? Oh, you want my name, don't you?" Then he laughed to himself and said, under his breath, "I wonder what my name is?" slowly taking the pen from the young man.

The two men on the other side of the stove got up; one of them shook his head very gravely; the other spat; both looked at the clerk, who nodded back and said to the stranger, "You don't just rightly know your name, do you?"

"What? Don't know my name? Oh, I beg your pardon. Want me to sign, eh? I—I wasn't thinking——"

A slow, monotonous, hoarse voice from behind the stranger said, "Well, sometimes when a man's got a lot of names he has to think first 'fore he signs."

The young man behind the counter gave a radiant grin of triumph, jerked his head knowingly towards the stranger and said: "He's walked right into it! I heard him say, 'Pentschineff'. He didn't think I heard him. This is him!"

"Say, my friend, what you got in that pretty leather case there, eh?" It was the man with the hoarse voice who had edged up to the counter and was looking down over his shoulder at the stranger. "It's my duty to tell you that I'm a deputy marshal in these parts, I'm armed, and anything you say is apt to be taken down and used in evidence against you."

"I don't care what you are in these parts. My name isn't Pentschineff, and I never said so."

"Oh, no—of course not. You're name is Peters, I reckon, right now. What you got 'E. P.' on your leather case for?"

"My name isn't Peters. My name is Pierce."

"Well, anyway, I got t' arrest you. That's my duty. 'Tain't no use to resist."

Pierce stared blankly up at the long man and said, "Would you mind telling me what I'm arrested for?"

"You got to tell him that, major," the other long man put in, from behind.

"I got no objections," said the deputy marshal in these parts. "That's your constitutional right. You are arrested as a suspected extrydiction, your real name being Nicholas Pentschineff on the other side, here passing himself as Emanuel Peters, known to be within these United States and Territories, fair hair and beard, slight and speaking English with fluency and an English accent. That's you, ain't it?"

The local deputy had to allow himself an unofficial grin at the strikingly complete correspondence between the description of the man wanted and the man in hand.

"And, furthermore," the young man behind the counter added, "how come it you've got the letters 'E. P.' on your leather case? And how come you to forget your own name? And what brings you here, if you ain't fleeing from extrydiction?"

Then the young man looked at the deputy, who nodded, and at the *amicus curiae*, who, standing with hands clasped behind his back, smiled and said, "Mark my words, Cal, you'll be a big lawyer one of these days," at which Cal modestly said, "Sho!" and busied himself turning over the leaves of the register.

The prisoner himself was obliged to admit the tremendous force of Cal's last argument. Barring the plea of insanity, it did seem to him that his presence at Central City was evidence of his being a fugitive from justice. The only letters he had in his pocket he would not show to those men, even to escape the last penalty of the law. Neither would he explain how General Cabell, the father of Lucy Cabell, had, two months ago, sent him an invitation to his farm, leaving the time for him to decide on; and how whispers of the prosperous wooing of Lucy by a Bluegrass cousin of hers had reached him in New York and precipitated his movement upon Mercer County.

In scope, this movement had been planned to take the enemy—the unknown Bluegrass cousin—unawares, and, by a sudden vigorous development of independent power, to determine in favor of the northern cause the suspected neutrality of the Cabell gar-

rison—Lucy. That was Pierce's scheme. Now, if he wired to the general for help, he would be exposing himself to the jeers of the Bluegrass cousin; on the other hand, if he waited for time and the ordinary process of law to end his detention, that would mean a gain of much valuable time to the enemy—and the facts would be published, too. In either event, his rapid movement was blocked. Would the moral effect of its

one of the most prominent jurists of this state, sir, and state senator from this district." In this way did the young man repay the state senator's compliment to his own legal acumen. Then he introduced Major Birman, the deputy marshal, after which the deputy marshal introduced his prisoner to Mr. Cal Bruckin, son of Colonel Bruckin, proprietor of the Ben Hardin House.

When Pierce had gravely shaken hands



"You don't just rightly know your name, do you?"

failure be any less disastrous if he himself unmasked it?

After a few seconds' pause, and having thought over the situation as thoroughly as he could in that time, the prisoner said, "I throw up my hands, gentlemen."

"Well, now, that's fair and reasonable," the deputy remarked.

"You done the wisest thing," said the young man behind the counter. "Let me make you acquainted with Senator Sullivan,

with all these prominent persons, he asked leave to send a telegram. The major had no objection. The chocolate man was summoned from the dining-room door, where, with five white urchins—sons of the signalmen of Central City—he had been watching the momentous proceedings.

The telegram read, "General Cabell, Ammonia, Mercer County, Kentucky: On my way from Louisville to visit you, have been arrested here as Pentschineff Peters, the

Russian diamond robber. Edmund Pierce." Cal Bruckin peeped at the dispatch and asked, "You know General Cabell, eh?"

"Well, I think he'll know me."

Cal pondered a moment or two and then reckoned he would send a telegram.

The major demurred, saying he did not feel like dividing up the thousand dollars' reward with all the United States marshals in Kentucky. But Cal reasoned with him, "This is for my editor in Louisville. It won't come out till to-morrow morning."

Cal's telegram read: "Pentschneff, Russian diamond thief, just arrested here by Major Birman, deputy marshal. No resistance. Engaged legal services State Senator Sullivan. Says is on way to visit General Cabell at farm. Can not explain why came this way instead of Southern to Centralia, which with five miles buggy quickest route from Louisville to Cabell place. Bruckin."

The major read this slowly, and seemed, on the whole, satisfied. And when Cal had sent it, with Pierce's dispatch, over to the office, he became very light-hearted and proposed a drop of something, as supper would not be ready for two hours. So the whole party of four moved away to the dining-room, Major Birman keeping a watchful, though courteous, eye on Pierce, and a right hand in the pocket of his own loose overcoat. On the way, Cal had to warn several infant sons of signalmen that idle curiosity was no excuse for intrusion upon the privacy of a prisoner, and the deputy reinforced this warning with a look that dispersed the crowd in the twinkling of an eye.

At the symposium which followed all the company displayed a generous eagerness to alleviate Pierce's *duress* with conviviality, and they seemed heartily pleased with the success of these humane efforts.

The only approach to any allusion to his unfortunate position was when, answering a remark of the senator's on the character of the neighboring country, Pierce said that his impression of it was "decidedly Siberian." Upon this Cal smiled at the major, but the major punctiliously shook his head and frowned in reply, and the current of conversation was quickly changed.

Everything went on very pleasantly for an hour or so, and might have gone on just as pleasantly until supper time, if it had not been for the sudden, breathless entry of an urchin with a telegram for Cal.

Cal opened the telegram eagerly, though with the due apology, saying, "It's from

Graham—my editor in Louisville, you know."

The major committed a breach of etiquette by the unguarded remark, "Expect he'll want a long item from you, Cal."

But Cal was frowning, and turning the paper this way and that to get all the benefit of the oil lamp.

"Can't make this out," he said. "Senator, you see what you make out of it."

The senator put on his glasses and read, with care and deliberation, "'Rot—Graham'—Cipher, ain't it?"

The major, after a close scrutiny of the paper, begged to differ. "'Tain't 'Rot', Senator—it's an *a*. It's 'Rat.' No, it's R-a-t-s. It's 'Rats.' That's what it is."

"Huh; yes, I believe it is."

Upon which Cal said he could hear the 5:18 north-bound coming and must be at his desk to receive the guests. And Pierce nearly bit through his tongue in the effort to suppress his emotion.

The prisoner could only amuse himself after that with half-hearted attempts to draw the senator and the major into conversation. A chill seemed to have fallen on these two, as if that telegram from Louisville meant something untoward, which Cal, in his capacity of a journalist, could have revealed if he would. Pierce had his own way of interpreting the monosyllabic document, but preferred to say nothing about it. He was wondering whether his own telegram had reached its destination.

For reasons of state, supper was served to the prisoner in a private room. He invited the senator and Cal to join the deputy and himself, and so another hour was killed. Still no answer to the appeal for rescue.

When the few profane had been fed in, and got out of, the dining-room of the Ben Hardin, without ever getting a glimpse of the man whose fame had by then filled all Central City, the four returned to that more commodious apartment and amused themselves as cheerfully as they could with poker. In this way another hour passed, in which the prisoner was so fortunate that the senator—his chivalrous sense of propriety a little dulled by whiskey—remarked, "Say, it seems like they know poker over in Russia, don't it?" But Pierce only smiled and looked at his watch.

"You don't want to quit, do you?" Cal asked, having a vague idea of recovering what he had lost.

"Oh, no—not in the least," said Pierce. "Do you think they'll deliver that telegram

of mine to-night? Or will they keep it in the office at Ammonia until to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, they've delivered your telegram all right," said Cal. And the major eyed his prisoner penetratingly.

The major was sitting opposite to a side door of the dining-room that opened on what Central City called "The Street." Pierce was on the major's right. Cal sat facing the door that opened into the hall, and with his back to the street door.

Cal had only just finished his assurance to Pierce when he—Cal—heard a hand on the knob of the door behind him. He twisted round in his chair just in time to see that door open, and a tall young man in an ulster, with his right hand in a pocket of that ulster, entered.

When Cal offered to rise, the new comer said, brusquely, "Sit down, you little ass," and pulled a business-like revolver from his pocket. Then, holding the revolver muzzle down, at his side, he raised his cap to Pierce—taking no notice of the others—and said, "Mr. Pierce?"

"That is my name," and Pierce rose and bowed.

"My name is Ten Broeck Cabell. Excuse me a moment. I have a message to give to this man," nodding at the major, who was blinking uncertainly and fingering his chips. "You, Ed Birman, my uncle says I'm to tell you you're a disgrace to the commonwealth—keep your two hands on the table, will you?—and an infernal idiot. If you move, I'll shoot you. My uncle says if his rheumatism had not been so bad he'd have come over himself and broken your neck."

It took the young man only a few seconds to say these pithy things, and by that time a black head poked itself in at the opposite door, and a black voice said, "My Gawd!"

"Come back here, you nigger," Cabell shouted as the head bobbed out again. "Yes, you! Go and bring all that gentleman's baggage. You hear me?"

"Lookahere, Brook Cabell," Cal began, wriggling round in his chair, "you know what it is to interfere with—"

"Shut up, you little fool. Mr. Pierce, I must trouble you to be as quick as you can about getting on your hat and coat. My horses have had a hard trot, and I'm afraid of their catching cold."

"I'm with you," said the prisoner, and he made haste to obey the hint.

"See here, Brook Cabell," the major began, with whiskeyfied deliberation, "I don't

want no trouble with you. I 'rested 's man in 'scharge of my sworn duty. Now you come in here and get drop on me. State Senator Sullivan's my witness. This man couldn't give no 'count of himself."

"I ain't takin' no hand in this," said the state senator, leaning back in his chair well out of range.

Cal then felt called upon to do something for the law and the honor of his absent father's house, so he set out to make a circuit to the left, stooping as he went, as if to gain the door into the hall and cut off the prisoner's return. But Brook's free hand had him by the collar and twirled him curiously, so that he seemed to be making giant strides with his legs and striking out, as if swimming with his arms, until he settled into the corner near the door, on Mr. Cabell's left.

Just then Pierce returned, coated, hatted and carrying the incriminating gun case—behind him the negro with his valise. The liberated prisoner walked across the room, took a bill from his pocket and handed it to his host, who was picking himself up in the corner. Then he turned to the other three and said, "Gentlemen, have the goodness to consider those chips of mine cashed. Major, I'm sorry you've missed that thousand dollar reward. Good-night, gentlemen."

Pierce had gone out, and Brook Cabell had followed him, and the major thought his time had come to turn defeat into victory. He burst out of the door, shouting, "Throw up your hands!" and fired his revolver point-blank into the clapboarding of a house on the other side of the Street. But Pierce had thoughtfully anticipated some such movement, and, instead of getting into Brook Cabell's phaeton where his valise had been put in, he stood, holding his leather gun case, beside the two wooden steps. So that, as soon as the major's one shot had been fired, a heavy blow from the gun case—which contained a double-barrel—knocked his revolver into the snow. That ended the battle. The horses were a little restive from fright, but the groom very quickly soothed them, and in less than half a minute after the major's demonstration the rescue was complete.

"My uncle told me to make his apologies to you, Mr. Pierce," Brook drawled, entirely ignoring the shouts and threats of shooting that followed the phaeton out of Central City. "May I trouble you to hold the reins till I put on my gloves? I ought to explain to you that you happened to run up against

two of the biggest fools in the commonwealth of Kentucky. I suppose Birman and young Bruckin have been reading in the papers about this diamond robbery in England for two months, and dreaming about getting the reward for catching the man—they've got nothing else to do, except soak up old Bruckin's whiskey. But my uncle wouldn't like you to think we're all such idiots as those two down here."

"There isn't the least danger of my thinking anything of the kind," said Pierce, rather pleased by the consciousness of a certain hostility revealed, though covered, by his rescuer's politeness. "You've done me a great service, and I don't know how to thank you. Really, I——"

"Perhaps you'd better not try. I only represent my uncle, you see. He's sick with the rheumatism——"

"I'm awfully sorry——"

"Yes. But if he'd been fit to get out it might have been worse for Birman."

"Oh, well, they really didn't treat me

half badly, you know—according to their lights. Please don't trouble yourself about that."

"Why, that's according, Mr. Pierce." Brook chuckled quietly to himself. "In one way of looking at it, my uncle's guest was insulted. Oh, you weren't in his house, but you were trying to get there—according to your lights. Looking at it in that way, I have to trouble myself——"

"Quite so," and now it was Pierce who chuckled. "As a nephew you are outraged. But—may I say it? As a cousin, you——"

"I wish they'd hanged you—that's pretty straight, isn't it?"

"That's what I like about it. Besides, it's encouraging."

"Yes, I suppose it is that," Brook said, disconsolately.

There was a pause in the conversation after this, while Pierce built the most delightful hopes on the other man's frankly expressed jealousy. This was the Bluegrass cousin of whom Mrs. Twicham had made him afraid by her reports!

"Well, but," Pierce began, feeling that it was for him to be conciliatory. "Well, but—— How is Miss Cabell? And Mrs. Cabell is well, I hope?"

"My aunt has a good deal of trouble on her hands just now—attending to uncle's wants."

"I'm afraid I've taken a very inopportune time to make my visit."

"H'm—if you mean, on account of my uncle's sickness, that need not trouble you. He'll be only too glad to see you, and a visitor from the East will be a distraction. As for—— Well, I've been very frank with you, haven't I?"

"Very—quite charmingly."

Both men laughed aloud at this, and their laughter sounded very dull in the stillness and darkness of the country road.

"Then would you mind telling me why you chose to come at this particular time—and by the wrong route?"

"I came without notice because some one told me that a Bluegrass cousin was having everything his own way, and——"

"Great heavens!" Brook groaned. "His own way! Didn't



"Brook's free hand had him by the collar——"





"Shouts and threats of shooting followed the phaeton out of Central City."

I tell you I wished those fools had hanged you?"

"Then I'm to understand that I—I have

"That *you* have everything *your* own way." They covered another mile or two in silence.

Then Pierce said, "What made you take all this long drive and all this trouble to get me out of a scrape?"

"I was at uncle's when your telegram came."

"Well?"

"Well, and I happen to be his nearest male relative."

"By Jove!"

"What?"

"Nothing. You're the first Bluegrass gentleman I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, you know."

"Hope you won't take me as a specimen of the bunch."

"No? I say, why the devil shouldn't we be friends?"

"I'm going to California, for one thing. Excuse me. I'm not a philosopher."

When the phaeton drew up on the snow-covered drive before the broad veranda of General Cabell's house, lights appeared in the windows, a dog barked, and a big hall door opened wide. The light from inside made an aureole about a little head in the doorway, and the softest little even-toned voice you could dream of said, "Brook, have you got Mr. Pierce?"

"Yes—here he is, safe and sound."

"Well done, Brookie! Mr. Pierce, I'm so glad to see you. What do you think? The Louisville evening papers have just come, and that man—Pentschineff—the diamond man, you know—was caught in London this morning."

Pierce laughed aloud. "That accounts for the 'Rats' telegram. I must tell you later all about that incident of my captivity."

"Never mind your captivity now—you are free and welcome. And thank you so much for bringing him, Brook."

"You're very welcome, cousin."

"And let me thank you, too—once more," said Pierce.

"I wish I could honestly say you are very welcome," Brook answered in an undertone. He was standing by his team, out of reach of the light that came through the doorway.

"I must take the good deed for the good will, I suppose," said Pierce. And the two men shook hands.

"Come in, Mr. Pierce. It's cold out here," Lucy interrupted them. "Brook, you're not going, are you?"

"I must go and look after my horses. Good-night."

Brook drove away into the darkness, and the stranger went into the warm, hospitable light.



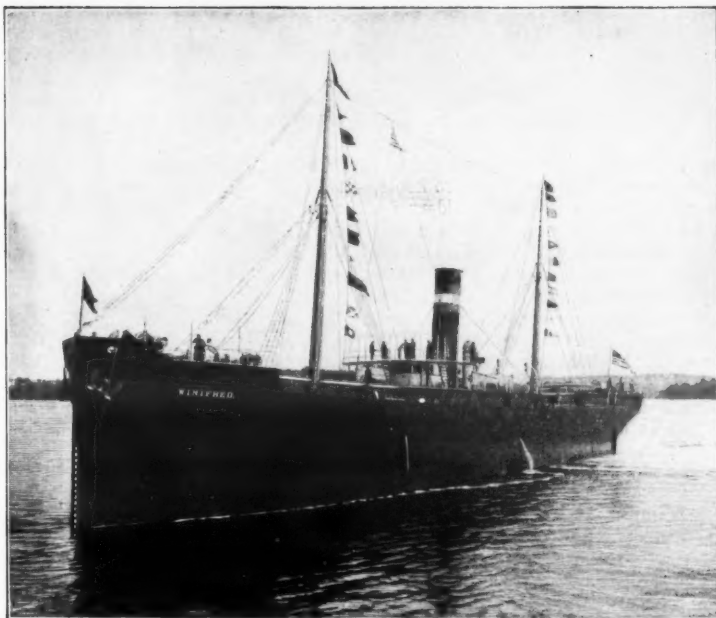
## TRAMP STEAMSHIPS OF THE WORLD

BY SAMUEL A. WOOD

THEY are the pioneers of commerce, making unfamiliar ports familiar, and marking with their evanescent wake the future course of liners. The waters of no harbor within reach of an arm of the sea are shoal enough to keep them out. They even find their way through artificial water courses to the chief cities bordering the Great Lakes. They are circumnavigators. Half the tramp skippers have sailed around the world more than once, and some have gone around a score of times. The tramps may not be distinguished so readily as they used to be, when all tramps were pretty nearly alike, mere "iron pots" with smokestacks. They are all constructed of steel now, and there is as much difference between tramps as there is between liners. There are tramps called "gilt-edged," because their officers are uniformed, and they occasionally serve as liners. The first-class tramp of to-day may be plying to-morrow on a regular route, perhaps between New

York and London. Most of the tramps, however, can only reel off eight or ten knots, are extremely homely, and are unfit to be anything else but tramps.

For the benefit of the reader unfamiliar with the lingo of shipping men, it may be well to define what constitutes a tramp steamship. Briefly, it may be said that a tramp is a merchant steam vessel that runs on no regular route, and is ready for the service of anybody who wants to pay her owner a reasonable sum to take a cargo to any port, remote or near, in the world. The owner of a tramp finds it more profitable sometimes to charter her for a year to a line that needs her pending the building of a new ship, than to run the chance of getting a series of paying cargoes within that period. Some of the old, slow, single-screw liners have degenerated into tramps, and even a few of the transatlantic record holders of twenty years ago or less have gone cargo seeking in many ports. That might



The "Winifred," the Latest Type of Tramp Steamer, Built at Bath, Maine.

have been the fate of the old Guion steamship *Alaska* (which astonished the world in 1883 by covering the sea space between Queenstown and New York in six days and twenty-one hours), if she had not been a greedy coal consumer, and therefore too expensive for tramp service. Above all things, the tramp must be economical in the use of coal. As the *Alaska* was not fit to be a tramp, and was too old, and, comparatively, too slow for a first-class liner, all that her owners could do was to sell her for old junk, which they did last June. Previous to that she had been used for some time as a tenement in an English harbor.

The tramp tonnage runs into the millions, and over half of it is under the omnipresent red merchant ensign of Great Britain. More than three-quarters of the tramps are of British build. They fly the flags of all nations, but the flag does not always indicate the nationality of the owners of the ships. Many tramps over whose taffrails the Norwegian flag floats are owned by Americans, and some of the old sea nomads of British registry are the property of speculative Yankees. Next in order of number to the British tramps are the Germans, with the Norwegians a close third. There are, com-

paratively, a small number of French, Russian, Italian, Austrian, Swedish, Spanish, Chinese and Japanese tramps. Nearly all tramps flying the flags of the last three nationalities are of British construction. There are very few American tramps. The pioneer Yankee craft of this sort was launched only a year ago. She is the *Winifred*, and is now doing service as a coaster for the Morgan line, plying between New York and New Orleans. She is the first steamship designed in America especially for carrying cargo anywhere. There are other, but not many tramps, flying the Stars and Stripes. They are merely naturalized Americans, however. Some acquired American registry during the Spanish-American war, when they were purchased by the Government for use as transports. After the war they were sold, and their purchasers, being mostly Americans, put them under the ensign of Uncle Sam. The *Winifred* belongs to Miller, Bull & Knowlton, of New York, who run a line of passenger and freight ships between New York and Puerto Rico. She was built by the Bath Iron Works Company, of Bath, Maine. It was expected that she would do most of her "tramping" between ports of the United States and those

of the West Indies and Central and South America. She is a steel vessel of 2,600 tons, gross measurement, and is 305 feet long over all. She is capable of carrying about 3,800 tons dead weight, and is equipped with triple-expansion engines that were expected to give her a speed of about ten knots an hour, when loaded. She did not develop this speed by more than two knots, and her owners have sued her builders for non-fulfilment of contract. She is a very hot ship in the stokehold. One effect of the acquirement by the United States of new territory in the West Indies and the Pacific, American steamship men confidently declare, will be the building of a large fleet of modern tramps, the keels of some of which are already laid.

Most of the tramps that come to the United States enter ports south of New York. Their chief cargo from the Gulf ports is cotton. The larger number of tramps from European ports not bordering on the Mediterranean come to the United States in ballast under charter to take cargo to places as far away as Australia and as nearby as Cuba.

Nearly all the steamships that bring merchandise from Japan and China are manned by Chinese and Lascars. From Ceylon the tramps bring tea, cocoanut oil and plumbago; from Singapore, spices and tin; from Calcutta, jute, hemp, linseed and saltpeter; from China, teas, matting, curios and bamboo.

The agents of the tramps are usually also the agents of freighters that run on regular lines. The chartering of a tramp is a simple operation. The "loading broker," who is the representative of the shippers desiring to send merchandise to foreign ports, lets the tramp's agent know that he has enough cargo to fill her holds. The tramp's agent thereupon informs the owner or agent of the ship on the other side of the ocean, and the bargain is completed. One of the finest tramps ever seen on this side of the Atlantic arrived in ballast from the yards of her

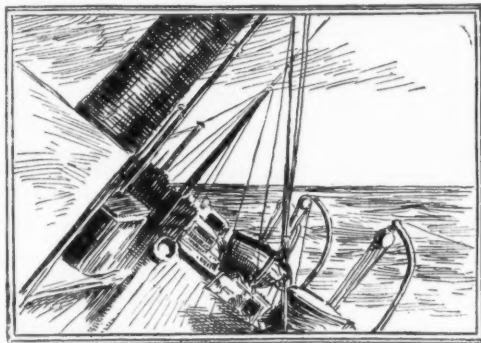
builders last June to load steel rails and fishplates for Australia. She is the *Kent*, a four-master of 5,600 tons; a typical modern tramp, lighted by electricity, and in every other way fit to be a liner. She carries a crew of sixty-seven men, has eight engineers, five officers, besides her captain, and is fitted with staterooms to accommodate twenty passengers. She was designed principally to carry frozen mutton from Australia, and therefore has a refrigerating plant. It may be several years before she will venture again into the Atlantic as a tramp.

It is evidently profitable to build well-equipped tramps. During the last several years British shipyards have turned out hundreds of them, and hardly a week passes but that one or more is launched. Some

tramps are owned by single individuals, some by merchant or shipping firms, and some, the largest number, by steamship companies. A number of these companies have fleets consisting of ten or more vessels, plowing the waters of every ocean. Most of the tramps are built as tramps. Some become tramps

through mishaps of the sea; that is, after running as liners and being cast ashore, they are saved by wreckers employed by the marine underwriters, repaired, sold to the highest bidder, and sent out as nautical vagabonds to earn money for their owners.

The wages paid to skippers of tramps vary according to the tonnage and value of the ships. Some masters receive only \$50, and some receive \$150 a month. The skippers of the smallest and slowest tramps are forced to practice an economy that is little less than penuriousness. Welsh captains have the reputation of being very close-fisted. It is related that two of them went into a cheap restaurant in South street, New York, and ordered one cup of coffee and a piece of pie. One emptied half of the coffee into the saucer and then cut the pie in two. He gave the saucer of coffee and half the



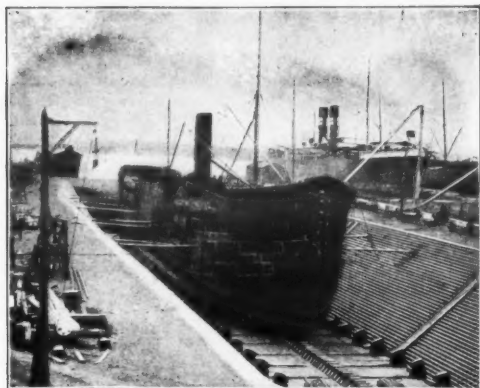
*Drawn from a snapshot.*

A Tramp Steamer in the Trough of the Sea.



U. S. Transport "McClellan," Formerly the British Tramp "Port Victor."

pie to his fellow navigator, and they fell to, oblivious of the stares, winks and meaning smiles of the cashier and waiters. Each paid for half the repast. The tramp captain usually demands, if he does not get, a commission from everybody who supplies his ship



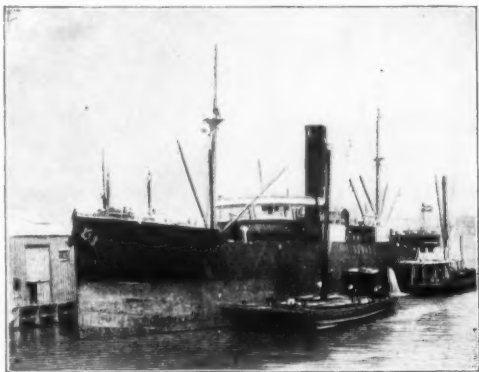
The "Merrimac," Sunk in Santiago Harbor by Lieut. Hobson, in Drydock.

with anything—the butcher, the baker, the tailor, the groceryman, the shipping master who furnishes him with a crew, and the woman or man who does the ship's washing. Sometimes he even demands a share of the fee of the boatman who carries the ship's lines and hawsers when she docks.

The expenses of a tramp are rigorously limited by her agents and owners. She is allowed a certain quantity of coal, and her skipper is not permitted an ounce more. There have been instances where he has tried to make the chief engineer sail without enough coal in the bunkers. The inference in this case was that the skipper expected to make a few dollars out of somebody. The engineer insisted on having more coal, and, as he is the boss of his part of the ship, he had his way. The quantity of coal consumed by a tramp depends largely on her size, the power of her engines, her speed, and the length of her voyage. The best, biggest and swiftest vessels burn between thirty and forty tons a day. The smallest and slowest do not eat up more than ten tons. A tramp bound for the Philippines

or any place in the Pacific from an Atlantic or Gulf port, by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, coals at several ports, usually first at Algiers. The bunker capacity of tramps ranges from about 200 to 550 tons. In winter, heading to the westward through tempestuous seas, there are very few tramps that do not exhaust their coal supply before completing their voyage. More than three-quarters of the tramps from Mediterranean ports are forced into Bermuda in cyclonic weather to replenish their bunkers. Occasionally a tramp is compelled to burn all her wooden fittings and furniture to make harbor. Sometimes she even burns part of her cargo, if it is of an inflammable nature. A tramp from Hamburg put nearly a thousand bags of beet root sugar into her furnaces to help her reach New York. Tramps from the northern ports of Europe, storm-tossed on the way across the Western Ocean, usually seek a new coal supply at Halifax.

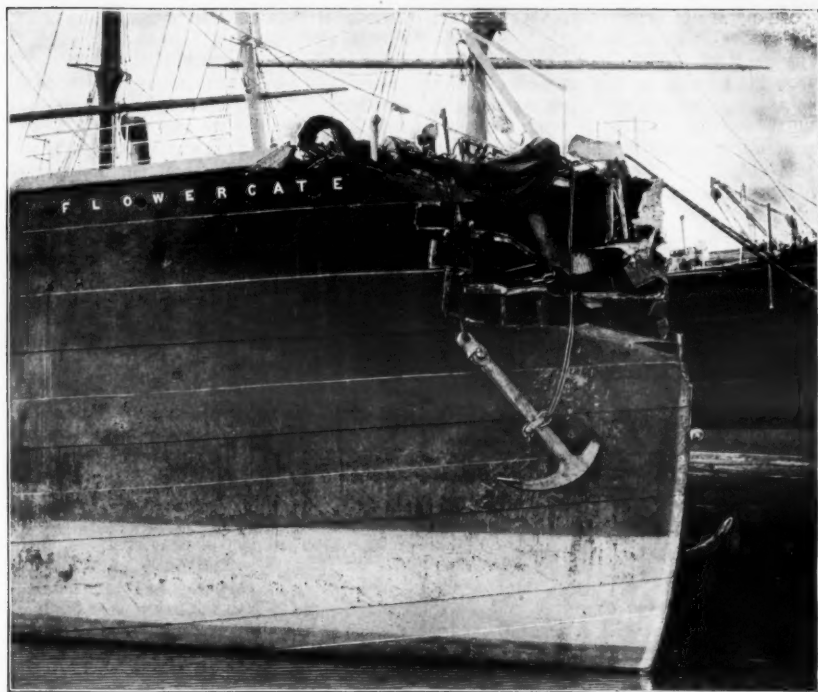
During the gales of last winter, unequalled in the records of the Hydrographic Office for force and persistency, more than twenty tramps were lost. Ten were never heard from after leaving port. More than 150



The "Texas," a Typical Tramp.

broke their shafts. In over a score of instances they also lost their propellers, and were saved from being overwhelmed by sea anchors, which held their heads to the combers, and a liberal use of oil, which smoothed down the crests. Some of the underballasted





Tramp Steamer "Flowergate" after a Collision with the "Idaho" in New York Bay.

tramps from British ports, which, in pleasant weather, make the voyage to Sandy Hook in fifteen days, were thirty-five days and forty days breasting the great winter gales. Two of them rolled their funnels out, and another spent fifteen days either attempting to make her way through the crested billows, or wallowing in the trough. Cliff-like waves, breaking in cataracts over her weather bow, or leaping aboard amidships, carried away all her lifeboats. She rolled at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, the rolling period being twelve or fifteen times a minute for hours and hours together. During this fifteen days the weary skipper found, when he had a chance to make an observation, that the ship had made 140 knots leeway. In this tumultuous period very few of the officers were able to get any sleep, except the merest cat naps. The food was hardly fit to eat through bad cooking, the cook being unable to work properly, and the water, impregnated by the searching brine from invading seas and spindrift, did not do much towards quenching thirst.

The perils of the underballasted tramp, steaming to the westward with head gales lashing the seas into fury, furnish the marine reporters of nearly every Atlantic seaboard city, every winter, with columns of vivid stories. The tramp skipper is undaunted by the appalling dangers of his under-paid profession. The business of following the sea is the only one he knows anything about, and he must either risk starvation on shore or boldly face the manifold dangers of a rover of the oceans of the world, which little notes the loss of a tramp steamship here and there. When a tramp skipper loses his job—he never gives it up—there are a dozen or more applications for it, despite its perils and its meager pay.

All the smaller tramps that visit ports without facilities for providing or repairing machinery, carry, usually on the main deck aft or between decks, a spare propeller. There have been several instances in which tramps with these extra propellers have just escaped destruction in heavy weather. A little British tramp that came into New York from the Mediterranean several years

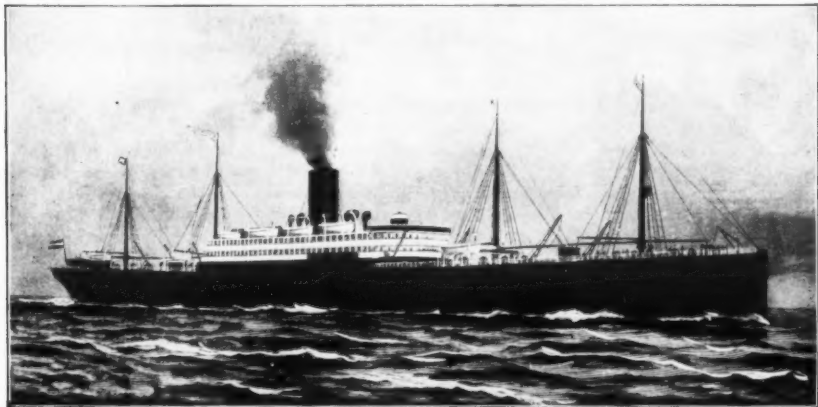
ago had a spare propeller made fast between decks aft. One night, when she was within a few days of Sandy Hook, plunging and rolling in a cyclone, the propeller broke from its lashings, and began thundering about the deck. The only illumination aboard ship was by means of flickering kerosene lamps. The skipper and several of his crew went down into the gloomy space between decks and made an effort to check the erratic flight of the three-winged iron monster.

They were armed with wooden and iron bars and pieces of dunnage, which they tried to use as levers. It was difficult to keep the ship's head up in the swell. She persisted in dropping off, and every time she rolled the demon of a propeller rumbled across the steel deck, to port or starboard, threatening to smash through the ship's side. The skipper sent one of his men to the bridge to tell the officer in charge to try to keep the ship's head up, the movements of the propeller being less dangerous while the ship was pitching, but she wouldn't answer her helm. The mass of metal stopped at times just long enough to allow the skipper and his adventuresome men to get within reach of it. Then it stirred like a sentient thing, and appeared to spring at them. They saved themselves from injury by jumping aside, or leaping over it. At last, as the ship lurched heavily to port, the propeller whirled down the inclined deck and smashed against the side. One of its blades went through a plate; it hung for a moment against a rib of the ship; then, loosening itself as the ship rolled and heeled to star-

board, it bowled athwartships again. A fountain of sea water spurted through the hole made by the propeller blade as the tramp rolled to port again, and the propeller slid that way. A few more holes in the ship's side would have caused her to take in so much water that she would have been in danger of foundering, and the skipper began to wish that the propeller had gone all the way through and dropped into the sea.

There was one passenger aboard the tramp, a stout young fellow who had experience as a cowboy on the Texas plains. He had heard the booming of the spare propeller, and he went to the skipper and volunteered to check it in its mad course. At first it revealed itself only dimly to him, a huge, batlike shadow, under the faint and unsteady glow of the kerosene lamps. After the cowboy had become somewhat accustomed to the gloom and had spent a few moments dodging the propeller, he took a lasso, which he made of a hawser, and with the unerring aim of an expert bull puncher, he rung one of the blades with the noose. He made a turn with the other end around a winch, about amidships, and the propeller was subdued. Then the skipper and his men fell upon it as if it were a living thing, and with beams, and bars, and chains, and ropes they made it so fast that all the storms of the North Atlantic could not have broken it loose again.

Notwithstanding their hard lives and their "closeness," the larger number of tramp skippers treat their crews with great humanity. They are generally much affected by the loss of any of the ship's company,



S. S. "Pennsylvania," Combination Passenger and Freight Steamer, which is Rapidly Supplanting the Tramp Type.



S. S. "Manilla" Just in from a Voyage Around the World.

and they have been known to risk even the ship herself to save the lives of their shipmates. Perhaps one of the most stupendous efforts at life-saving ever reported at sea was that performed by Captain William Inness, of the freighter *British Prince*. His boatswain, a hardy Swede named Lastadius, while getting a bucket of fresh water for a timid cook, was picked up by a heavy sea and carried overboard. As he swept along the starboard side of the ship Captain Inness saw him and shouted:

"Keep up a stout heart! We will save you if we can."

It was getting very dark, and the boatswain was three ship lengths astern before anything could be done aboard the vessel. He gave himself up for lost, but kept on swimming. It was impossible to launch a boat, as the seas were colossal. The captain had just finished his supper when he saw the boatswain sweep astern. He ran toward the bridge, shouting as he did so to the engineer:

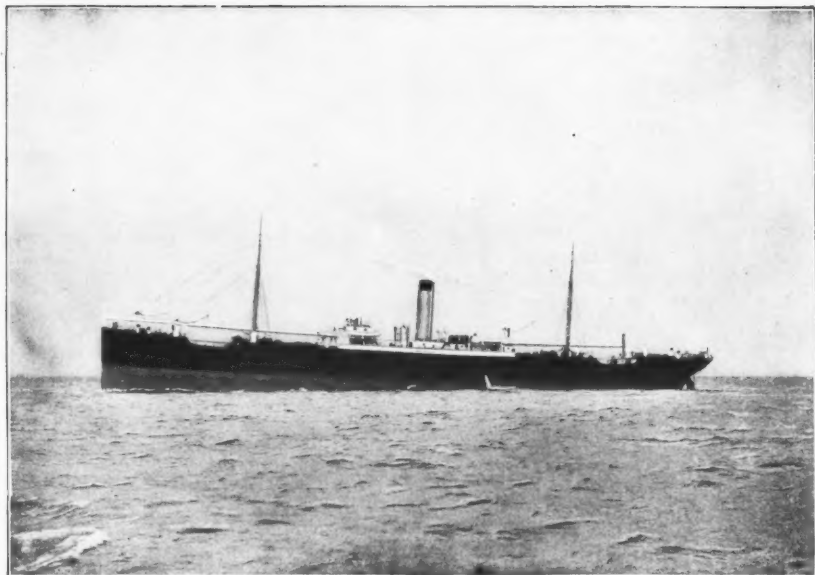
"Stand by to stop those engines."

Then he flew to the bridge and laid his right hand on the telegraph.

"Stop and reverse," were flashed to the engine room, and the captain's voice rang out: "All hands to starboard with lines and buoys!"

The captain told about the event thus: "Our only hope in saving him lay in picking him up with the ship, for no boat could live in the sea that was running. When I backed the ship down to him I saw him struggling for his life. He had the buoy that the second officer had thrown to him under his arms, and his body was well out of water. I determined to save him if he could hold out, and I could fetch him alongside. We missed him the first time, and he was carried around the bow to the port side. He kept shouting, and we answered back. We were going ahead a bit when he was whirled around to starboard.

"As the night had well set in, we soon lost him, but I turned on the bridge and got the bearing of his voice by a star. I kept that star in sight, and put the helm hard astarboard, and bore down in the direction of the star. We had lost his voice altogether, but as we steamed towards the star we heard it faintly. We caught sight of him



Outward Bound.

too late to pick him up as we steamed past, so we came up with the wind again, with the bo's'n on our port hand. We steamed slowly, so that the men ranged along the port rail, each with a lifeline or a buoy, had a chance at him. I knew by the cheer that went up that he was saved. He had caught a line and was hauled aboard. He clung to the rail so tightly, not knowing that he was saved, that the men had to pound his hands to break his grip."

The tramps had a harvest season two years ago, during the great boom in grain prices caused by a shortage of crops in countries other than the United States, and a consequent foreign demand for our cereals. Then an unprecedented fleet of nomadic carriers came across the Atlantic and Pacific to almost every Yankee sea port. They did not throng the docks of New York, partly because of high port charges, but mainly because the great combination freight-and-passenger carriers had secured the bulk of the cargo. There are at least a score of these leviathans running regularly, at brief intervals, from New York to Bremen, Hamburg, Southampton, Liverpool and London. Merchants who send things abroad on these ships run practically no risk. The insurance rates are low, and the shipper can calculate almost to a day when his goods will reach

their destination. One of the greatest of this type of ship is the *Pennsylvania* of the Hamburg-American line, herewith pictured. She is 585 feet long, can carry 23,400 tons' measurement cargo, and nearly 14,000 tons dead weight. She is propelled by two quadruple expansion engines, and has a speed of about fourteen knots. She carries in a lofty, hotel-like superstructure, 200 first cabin and 150 second cabin passengers. She can also accommodate about 2,000 steerage passengers. Nearly all the ship below the superstructure, except that space occupied by the boilers and engines, is devoted to cargo. With the help of powerful derricks, her many hatches are filled with marvelous swiftness, unapproachable by the tramps.

The tramp steamship has been forced out of the usual lanes of ocean travel by colossal twin screw ships of the *Pennsylvania* type which have appeared with the last seven or eight years—combined passenger and freight carriers, whose cavernous holds can take in from twelve to about fifteen thousand tons of dead weight, or more than five times as much cargo as the ordinary tramp can carry. The tramps are even more numerous than they were when they crowded the ports of every clime, but their business now is chiefly seeking cargoes in, and carrying them to, places the liners do not touch.

# TALES OF THE CHEMISTS' CLUB



BY HOWARD FIELDING

## VI.—AN HUMBLE SERVANT OF HUMANITY.

IT will be necessary to disguise the identity of an individual who plays a conspicuous part in this little drama. He does not have the title rôle, for he is not "humble." He is rich and famous. A servant of humanity he has been, to a certain extent, for he has done some scientific work of real value, and his name is on the list of contributors to conspicuous charities. It will not appear here, because the facts related are not creditable to him, and not all of them are susceptible of legal proof.

When this story was told in the Chemists' Club the name was not mentioned, but almost every one present except myself seemed to recognize the character. Subsequently I was informed who the man is. In this narration I shall name him Vincent Wright. He is usually called "professor," though it is fifteen years since he was last connected with any institution of learning.

He is one of those men to whom journalists fly for interviews when anything of popular interest happens in the scientific world. His house in the northern regions of New York city is so large that strangers mistake it for a public building, and its interior is distressingly splendid.

In a room set apart within this mansion for the professor's private meditations, he

sat one evening in October when his butler brought in a visiting card.

"Dr. Rudolph Werner?" queried the professor. "I don't know him. What does he look like?"

"Well, sir," said the butler; "he might be one of those newspaper persons."

"Show him in," said the professor.

Presently there appeared upon the threshold a tall young man of a blond type, whose looks—without considering his name—would have suggested a German origin. He was plainly dressed. His face was thin, eager, and exceedingly pale; the eyes bright and intelligent, but reddened around the lids.

The visitor advanced hurriedly into the room, and, coming up to the big table in the centre, he set down upon it a black handbag, very gently, as if the contents were fragile.

"You can not have heard of me, Professor Wright," said he, "and it is very good of you to admit me, a stranger. I am a chemist, and was educated, in part, at the Sheffield Scientific School, where you studied, at an earlier period, and where your scholarship was remembered in my time."

"Indeed," said the professor, extending his hand, "I've heard that they haven't forgotten me, down there, even yet."

"The fact that we have studied in the same school," said Werner, "is the only excuse I have for coming to you. No; don't fancy that I am a beggar," he continued, hastily. "My situation is simply this: I have been making a fair living for some years as an independent analyst, but of late I have become so much interested in certain researches—important, as I believe, but not immediately remunerative—that I have allowed my affairs to get into a bad way. All this could be remedied by going to work in a money-making line for a little while, and laying aside my researches; but, Professor Wright, I have not the time!"

"You have not the time?" repeated the professor.

"One year at most," said Werner. "Consumption. You can see it in my face. But I am not asking sympathy. The point is here: I shall never live to finish what I have in hand; some one must help me. I have come to you first because your name would of course suggest itself to one situated as I am. There are two ways in which you might assist me if you regard my work as sufficiently important. You might advance the money upon which I could live until my task is done, or give me the advantage of your experience and skill in perfecting my discovery. In the latter case I should be able to spare enough time to earn my living."

Very naturally the professor inquired what the discovery might be. Werner's eyes burned with eagerness, as he answered: "It is a new anesthetic, and there is nothing like it in the world."

"Local?" queried the professor.

"No, sir," replied Werner. "It is not a substance to be applied to the affected part: it is a vapor which is inhaled like that of ether or chloroform, and it accomplishes a general anesthesia, as they do, but without the loss of consciousness and with only slight interruption of muscular control. You can imagine its value in the operations—now so common—for relieving obstructions of the nasal passages. But all that is a trifle. I believe that what I have discovered is the long-sought blessing that shall rob nature of that fearful price of agony she now exacts whenever a human creature enters into this world."

"All this is very wonderful," said the professor; "but is it true? Pardon me, I mean to ask whether you may not be deceiving yourself?"

"Let me show you something," responded Werner.

He opened the black handbag, and to Wright's surprise, took out of it a little fox terrier, a most graceful and beautiful creature. Werner set him upon his feet, on the table, and he stood there a moment, and then lay down in a curious fashion, almost as if falling, yet with evident volition, not from weakness.

The dog's eyes were open, and his glance was intelligent. Werner looked at him attentively.

"I am afraid the effect is passing away," he said. "I anesthetized him just before leaving my house, and he should have remained sufficiently long under the influence of the drug, but I was greatly delayed in finding your house. However, if we hurry, some results may be obtained."

He took a long pin from his pocket and thrust it through the fleshy part of the dog's right foreleg. The member reacted as it would naturally have done from the pain, but the animal evidently had no true sensation. It made no effort to free itself from the pin, but after the first throb—which was confined entirely to the leg—it lay perfectly still upon its back.

Professor Wright was considerably astonished. He had no doubt that the animal upon the table was in a condition in which he had never before seen a living creature. He was about to suggest certain tests, supplementary to that already made, but the dog began to stir and to whimper, and Werner hastily withdrew the pin. A drop of blood appeared upon the fine white hair. Werner wiped it away with his handkerchief, and tenderly caressed the little animal which responded most affectionately.

"Heaven knows I wouldn't hurt him for a thousand kingdoms," said the young man. "This is the first time that he has ever figured in my experiments, and is likely to be the last. But I wanted to show you a 'subject,' and Beauty was the only one portable. I have usually experimented upon a burly—and very mercenary—young man who was employed as a servant in the building where I have my laboratory; but he has gone away."

While Werner was speaking, Wright watched the dog which was quickly recovering from the influence of the drug. The creature showed no symptoms of distress as a result of his experience, but when water was offered, he drank with somewhat abnormal avidity.

"Thirst," said Werner, "is the only after-effect that I have been able to note. It is



usually present, but is never painfully intense."

"I am very much interested in your discovery," said Wright, "though, of course, I have only the vaguest hint of it at present. How do you make this stuff?"

"The process does not greatly differ from that by which chloroform is obtained," answered Werner, "and the substance itself seems to be a union of chloroform molecules in a manner which I myself do not yet fully understand. When I have worked down a little closer to it, I shall be able to overcome the only difficulty which now stands in my way."

"And that is——"

"Uncertainty as to the stability of the product," answered Werner. "Of two litres of the fluid made under precisely similar conditions—seemingly—one will be stable and the other will change, in a few hours, into chloroform. But the flask-ful that is stable will stand all ordinary conditions absolutely without change."

There was silence for a few minutes, during which Professor Wright's mind was extremely busy. In view of later developments, it is possible to know what he must have been thinking about. The man's leading characteristic is a thirst for applause. He has enjoyed for many years a notoriety that has closely counterfeited fame. He has never been directly accused, but he has been strongly suspected of appropriating the fruits of others' labor, reaping where he has not sown, in the field of science. Werner was not the first man who had brought an idea into Professor Wright's house.

It may be said with safety that the professor's thought ran somewhat thus: This idea may be worth a sky-kissing monument over the grave of the man who gives it to the world. I would rather it should be over my grave than over Rudolph Werner's. Werner does not look like a safe person to trifle with, and he knows fully the value of what he has discovered. There is no chance that he will sell out. But he will be dead in a year. Can I keep him experimenting as long as that, and then quietly lay him away under the sod?

"How many people know about this thing?" demanded Wright, suddenly.

"No one but myself, and—and one woman," answered Werner.

"You were incautious to entrust your secret to a woman," said Wright. "There may be fame in this, and you are justly en-

titled to it. Yet a hint, even from a person who knows next to nothing about your process, may start some one on the scent who will anticipate you."

"This woman will not betray me," replied Werner. "She loves me."

"It might be better if she didn't," rejoined the professor. "Love leads to jealousy, and jealousy leads to vengeance."

"There can be no question of jealousy here," replied the young man. "She knows that every thought of my heart is hers. In this work of mine I have an humble wish to serve humanity. As for the fame that may come, it can please me only as it pleases her. I have one year at most to live, and she has many. If my name is to live after me in the world, I may feel that death can not so completely separate me from her. Otherwise I have no appetite for glory."

"Is she your wife?"

"No; and she never will be," answered the young man, sadly. "I felt the hand of death upon me before I saw her. You can understand that a man in my position offers only the love of his soul, since his body is the grave's already."

"You take a somber view," said the professor, and he added a few words of perfunctory cheer. "As to our discovery," he continued, "I will make you this proposition, being moved by my desire to serve humanity in general as well as yourself. Give me a real demonstration of the value of this thing, and I will take care of you while we develop it. I do considerable work in the laboratory adjoining this room"—he indicated a door on Werner's right—"and have occasionally employed an assistant. Suppose that you serve, nominally, in that capacity for a while, at a salary sufficient to meet your needs."

"This is extremely generous of you," said the young man, while the tears welled up in his eyes. "I shall be overjoyed. As to the demonstration of which you speak, I would suggest that I make it here. I shall need no apparatus except that which must be already in your laboratory."

"And a 'subject,'" said Wright. "We must have somebody to experiment upon. I understood you to say that the young man who had served you in that capacity was no longer available."

Werner nodded slowly, in deep thought.

"The young lady whom I have mentioned," said he at last, "would be willing, I believe, to assist me in any way."

"Excellent!" cried the professor, who

saw a chance to solve at once the problem whether this woman's testimony could be overcome in the day when he should stand before the world to claim the laurels of another. "Shall we say to-morrow evening?"

"I would like a little more time," replied Werner. "On the day following, perhaps."

"At three in the afternoon," said the professor. "Come to the laboratory door. There is an entrance directly from the side street."

And so it was agreed. The interview being over, it seemed that the excitement which had buoyed Werner up sank speedily, and carried his strength with it. He was attacked by a violent fit of coughing, which for a moment alarmed Professor Wright lest a hemorrhage should end the man with his secret still in him.

It was with considerable impatience that the professor awaited for the appointed hour, and when, at three o'clock on the day named, the electric bell in the laboratory trilled its sharp summons, he lost no time in opening the door.

A pretty, dark-haired girl stood without.

"Are you Professor Wright?" she asked.

"I am Miss Eliot—a friend of Dr. Werner."

The professor's countenance brightened.

"Come in," he cried. "How is it the doctor did not come with you?"

"He is too ill this afternoon," she replied, "and he sent me to let you know. He would have come himself, but his physician simply held him in bed. Dr. Werner lives at my mother's house, and we are all very fond of him. We are very anxious, and the physicians are so discouraging!"

"What do they say?" queried the professor, nervously.

"A change of climate; rest; absolute freedom from care; all the things that one cannot have unless one is a millionaire," she answered. "Yet I have hoped that his great discovery would bring him money as well as ease of mind, and that he could go away when it is completed."

"That may be arranged," responded the professor. "That may easily be arranged. As soon as I am in a position to carry on his work, I shall recommend that he go to Colorado or Southern California."

"Would he have to go so far?" asked the girl, in a childishly pathetic tone.

"I don't wish to alarm you," said Wright, "but your friend may go further from you than California or any place upon this earth unless we can persuade him to leave this climate."

The girl turned hastily toward the window, as if ashamed of her tears.

"The first thing to do," Wright continued, "is to insure the preservation of his secret. If he should die, it would be lost to the world; unless, indeed he has entrusted it to you."

"Neither to me nor to anybody else," she said.

The professor hesitated a minute. It was not quite safe for him to go to Werner's house. He would very probably meet the physician there, and the fact of his visit would be remembered by a professional man who might appreciate its significance later. On the other hand, it was possible that delay would be fatal. Werner might have taken to his bed for the last time.

"I'll tell you what I would advise," said Wright. "You must get your friend to tell you the main facts about his process. Have him write them down for you. Then if he should die—of course, I don't anticipate anything so serious, but if he should—you could bring the memorandum to me, and I would explain it to you."

"He would not like to have me question him," said the girl. "He would guess the reason."

"Even so," said the professor, "we must remember that you and I have a duty to perform."

He argued with her subtly, till at last she agreed to do as he desired; but on the following day, when she came again to the laboratory, she confessed that she had not had the heart to approach the subject. Dr. Werner was better, she said; it was not yet necessary to have him set down his secret in writing.

The young chemist was ill for several weeks, during which period Professor Wright contrived to have Miss Eliot come as often as possible to the laboratory. His persuasion was very gentle, but it was effective. At last she came to him one day with the news that the man who loved her had entrusted his secret to her. She had it in writing, but had sworn not to show it to any human being. Against this view the professor argued skillfully. It was wrong to delay a discovery that might do so much good in the world. He could go on with the work, and Dr. Werner need never know.

What the result of all this might have been is uncertain, for Dr. Werner interrupted these wily negotiations by taking it into his head to recover. On a Thursday afternoon early in November he sent word by

Miss Eliot that he would keep his long delayed appointment on the following evening.

The date was exceedingly inconvenient for Professor Wright, because he was obliged to preside at a meeting, that was to be held in his house, of trustees of a hospital building fund of which he was treasurer. He would not, however, permit this to interfere with his scientific researches, and so it was arranged that Dr. Werner and Miss Eliot should come to the laboratory about eight o'clock, and occupy themselves with preparations for the experiments while the meeting was in session.

This arrangement was carried out, and, as the meeting adjourned at half-past nine o'clock, no considerable amount of time was lost.

When Professor Wright entered his laboratory, after the meeting, he was very cheerful, and he took occasion to compliment Dr. Werner on the improvement in his appearance.

"One would say that your illness had benefited you," said the professor.

"I am more than half dead," said Werner; "but there is life enough in me yet to carry through what I have in hand. Here is a flask of my pain solvent. I made it while waiting here"—and he waved his hand toward some apparatus that he had set up. "I am sure that this is all right. Let us proceed with our experiments, and if they succeed I will show you my process. Here is the inhaler which I use. You see it differs very little from the ordinary pattern."

"Not at all, that I can see," said Wright.

"Put it on," rejoined Werner, "and you'll note the difference—due to a little invention of mine."

Wright adjusted the mask upon his face. The next instant Werner was behind him holding his arms, and indeed his whole bodily structure, with a strength amazing in one who had so lately proclaimed himself as more than half dead. The professor was a child in his arms, and all the while Miss Eliot was pressing down the mask, from which the overpowering fumes of chloroform surged into the professor's lungs. The victim's screams were choked in the mask—because of the little invention that Werner had mentioned—was a much more effective gag than the ordinary kind.

The professor's last clear recollection was of one mighty struggle, in the course of which Werner's face was pressed against Wright's shoulder. A fleeting downward glance revealed to the professor a great

white mark upon his black coat. That was where the pallor of approaching dissolution had rubbed off Werner's cheek.

So far as his sensations could disclose, it might have been five minutes or five centuries later that the professor awoke. He was lying upon the hard floor of his laboratory, and his discomfort was increased by the fact that his arms were tied behind him. The mask that he had so incautiously put on seemed to have him by the ears, though it no longer interfered with the entrance of the air to his lungs.

Long he struggled with his bonds, before it occurred to him to make an outcry. Finally help reached him, not from those of his own household, but by way of the laboratory door. A neighbor somewhat noted for late hours, and frowned upon by the virtuous professor on that account, was his deliverer.

Few words of explanation came from Wright. The instant he was free he rushed into his study, where his worst fears were instantly confirmed. The little old safe in the corner lacked a door, and the hospital funds, amounting to many thousands of dollars, were missing, together with valuables of other description.

"I've been chloroformed and robbed," said the professor, and that was about all that his neighbor could get out of him.

To the chief of detectives at Police Headquarters, on the following day, Professor Wright was much more explicit. The chief had little difficulty in recognizing Werner, whom the professor accurately described, as a "crook" of superior abilities and wide experience, a man who had been a chemist, an actor, an Indian doctor, a sleight-of-hand performer, a mind reader, and many different kinds of a thief.

"The job was carefully put up on you," said the chief. "They knew you had hospital funds in that safe, and were going to get more at the next meeting of the committee. That was why it was necessary for Werner to be so sick; it gave a chance to hold you off till the date of the meeting. He's a better consumptive than Sarah Bernhardt in 'Camille.' When he was a fake doctor he used to get it in a rural town, and then cure himself with his own medicine in a few days. I tell you the stuff would sell. By the way, that terrier is a trick dog; but there wasn't any pin through its leg. Werner never ill-treats dumb animals, though I wouldn't trust him with a human being. When he was with Dan Arkell's circus—"

"But how has he had time to be all these different things," cried the astonished professor.

"That's what I often wonder about crooks," said the chief, with a far-away look in his eye. "By the way, the woman is his wife. She's thirty-two, but can make up for twenty. She used to be a bare-back rider. We'll have both of them in a few days, and most of the money, probably."

The detective's prophecy proved true, for the couple were arrested in Erie, Pennsylv-

ania, about ten days later. They were brought back to New York and lodged in the Tombs. Werner engaged a shrewd lawyer, to whom he told, with great gusto, the story of how Wright had tried to rob an humble servant of humanity of the glory of a great discovery. The lawyer made such good use of this information that he succeeded in persuading Wright to use his influence—which is considerable—in the prisoner's behalf. The result was that, upon the return of nearly all the money, the case against them was abandoned.

(No. VII of "Tales of the Chemists' Club" will appear in the April issue.)

## TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

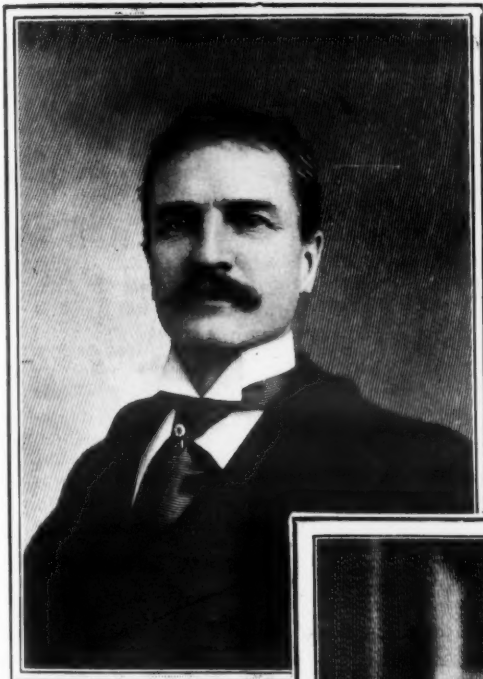


*Pach photo.*

John B. Mason.

As LORD ERIC CHANTRELL in "Wheels Within Wheels."

NOW it is the hosiery-model play that is set forth to make dramatic critics turn casuists, while the public reserves decision. "Naughty Anthony" will last just as long as the public will pay to see the farce. In the meantime the defense of the critics is admirable, if not positively amusing. Belasco, the dramatist, is willing frankly to acknowledge that he undertook to present a Palais Royal farce, made by an American, out of American material, acted by an American company. The compound is much more heterogeneous than the label would indicate. As the nub of the intrigue, instead of the time-worn artifice vaguely known in translations as a "private supper," we have a hoyden who is supposed to have kissed a saintly professor, reputed as being unknissed. Instead of a disrobing scene, as in "The Turtle," the hoyden of "Naughty Anthony" is a hosiery model who takes off divers hose in a manner to suggest that hosiery models earn their salaries by a display of shapely limbs. To read the palliations of this episode one would think that it is the most innocent act in life, although prudish people might find it objectionable. Also, it would seem, that the stocking act is as vital to the scheme of "Naughty Anthony" as are the doublet and hose of *Rosalind* to "As You Like It." In truth, however, Belasco knows, and so does everybody who sees the farce, that the hose display was conceived in the same motive and intention as the disrobing scene of "The Turtle." What distinguishes "Naughty Anthony" from all other pieces of similar hue is that as a farce it is a most arid and unendurable waste. It has neither point, plot nor character. "Naughty Anthony" is doomed to prompt extinction, and would not be worth a moment's consideration had it been written by any author but Belasco. For Belasco has had much to do with the provender of theatre-goers, and it is



Saxony photo.

William Gillette.  
Starring in "Sherlock Holmes."

likely he will have a good deal more. Some men with money who believe in him are going to build a theatre according to Belasco's design, to be run under Belasco's direction. He has manufactured several plays that have proved successful, and a few that succeeded so ill they are utterly obliterated from the minds of all except those who lost money on them. There is every reason to believe that he is the man to manage profitably a new theatre. But Belasco is not primarily a dramatist. He is a stage director, to be which is to be half a dramatist. If we except "The Heart of Maryland,"

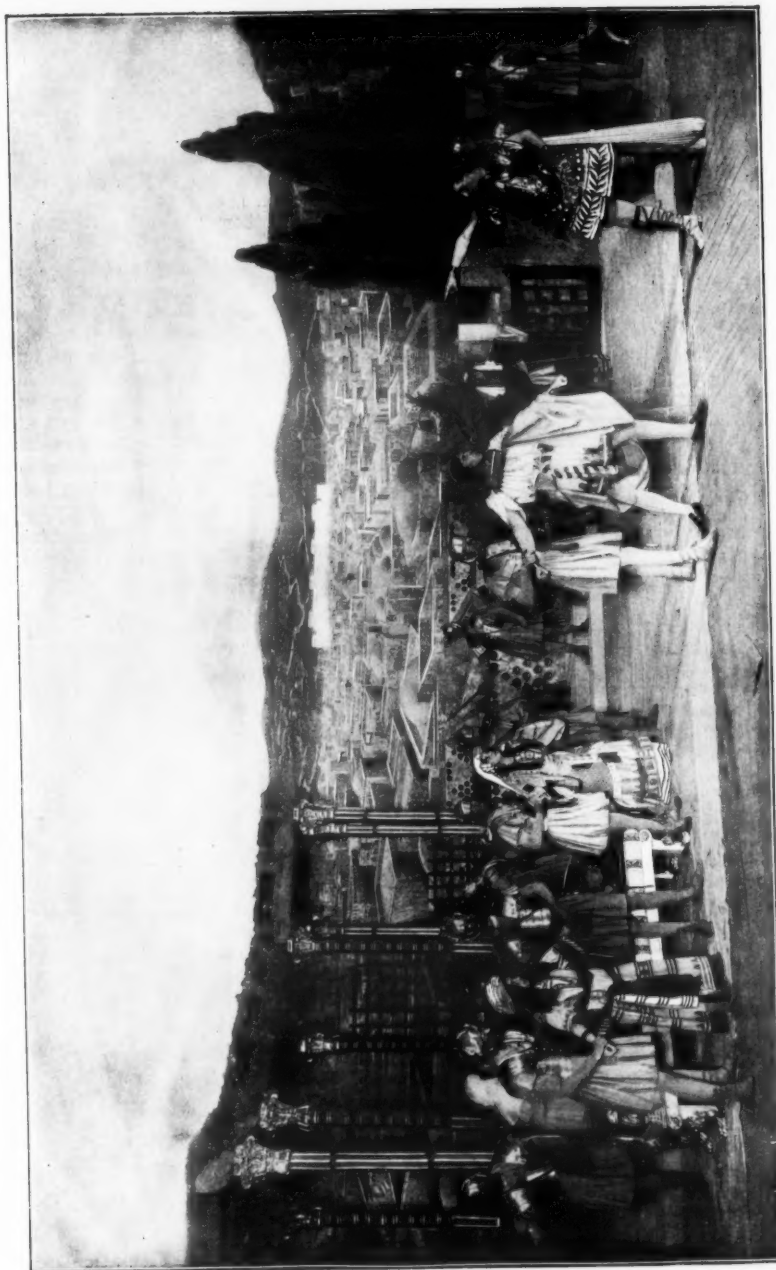
all Belasco's successes have been as part author. The strongest proof of the hand of the stage director is exhibited in "Naughty Anthony," which is thrown together on the assumption that one disquieting scene makes a French farce. To each of us in his career come object lessons. "Naughty Anthony" is one of Belasco's.

Katherine Grey, who served captivatingly as leading lady for Richard Mansfield, during the better part of the season, has suddenly retired from his company. As a result of her withdrawal, there is promise of a curious and intricate suit. Miss Grey sues Mr. Mansfield for the salary due her on her contract for the remainder of the season. Her retirement is enforced, it is alleged by the com-



Pach photo.

Richard Mansfield in "The First Violin."



*Byron Photo.*

"Ben-Hur," Act I: Roof Terrace, Palace of Hur, Jerusalem.



plainant, by her low condition of health. Her low condition of health, it is alleged, is the result of Mr. Mansfield's treatment as a manager. Mr. Mansfield has been sued before, and the present suit is not likely to interfere with his excellent handling of his exhausting repertory. It is not a little droll, however, to consider the star who could not go on with the performance on a certain evening because of the jarring of the steam pipes, under the accusation of having habitually disregarded the nerves of his leading lady. Meanwhile Mr. Mansfield has engaged for next season, Florence Kahn, who is making so favorable an impression now in the John Blair course of performances.

"As for the art that we practice," Stevenson writes in one of his letters, "I have never been able to see why its professors should be respected. They chose the primrose path; when they found it was not all primroses, but some of it brambly, and much of it uphill, they began to think and to speak of themselves as holy martyrs. But a man is never martyred in any honest sense in pursuit of his pleasure; and *delirium tremens* has more of the honor of the cross." Few authors have written so candid a statement; and no actor is on record as having even conceived it. Yet it applies to actors even more forcibly than to authors. Why is the public eternally agape for a light on the inside life of the actor? Or does the press force such revelation on the reader? Or—but this is a wild suspicion quite—does the actor goad the press to force the reader? However it may be, this much is certain that the public is forever receiving information about successful players. This leading lady plays golf magically, that one

is devoted to French poodles, and a third is a crack whip. One leading man paints portraits, another writes novels, and a third is married to a termagant. The last is the sympathy mania of every matinee girl, while the handsome young actor, who is suddenly discovered to be living contentedly with a



Gilbert & Baum photo.

Edna Wallace Hopper.

As CHRIS in "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp."

wife and three children, the matinee girl learns to look upon as quite ordinary. No profession, it would appear, has so small a claim for this extra attention as that of acting. The actor receives the applause of a thousand people nightly. It is a tribute paid rarely to preachers, and more frequently to orators. The young girl who ruins her



Morrison photo.

Katherine Grey.

Late leading lady for Richard Mansfield.

gloves in her enthusiasm over Faversham will deny the smallest rapture over the devotion of the escort at her side. Again the actor gets big money for his short hours. He is better paid even than authors, and to strengthen this, it might be well to instance Hall Caine, who is an author. Yet the same young lady who has ruined her gloves over Faversham will buy her sixteenth photograph of him the next morning. Her escort and hopeless suitor is represented in one cabinet picture. He is drudging daily and unerringly in a bank, of which he may be president when the seven men in advance of him have died. In the meantime the young lady keeps wishing that he were a little more on Faversham's style. Into no life does so much of the unreal enter as into an actor's life. The actor's very existence depends on his ability to seem other than him-

self. So the better puppet he is, the higher his fame. Does the world then in this case hark back to the fancies of childhood as in others? Even as the young mother, who, on getting the first full look at her first baby, exclaimed: "Isn't she sweet—why, she's just the picture of the doll Aunt Lucy once gave me!"

Some might call it shamelessness, some, brass, in anybody else Mrs. Langtry's blithe air as she comes within our gates once more, would be set down as genuine grit. There has never been the like inhospitable reception to any foreign player. And all this before Mrs. Langtry appeared in her simple pastoral of London life, sweetly entitled "The Degenerates." Sydney Grundy has luckily not written many plays of such sinister boding. But we are assured that it "ends right." As the play is broadly announced as a reflex of Mrs. Langtry's life,



Schloss photo.

Della Niven.

Castle Square Opera Company.

would it be unwise to assume that she indicated the ending as well as the earlier acts? Whatever the play may prove to be, the play is really the only issue between Mrs. Langtry and the American public. If this public re-

fuses to patronize the performances, it is certain that Mrs. Langtry will not tarry long in the country. There is no rumor that she had the purpose of taking out citizen's papers, even in Wyoming. It seems to an extent discourteous, therefore, that the woman should have been the victim of such an unbridled attack because of her personal history. No one attempts to glose that, not even the lady herself, according to record. It is just such a history as has been characterized in numberless polite comedies, and has nearly always caught the sympathies of the audience.

It is only a token of the varied taste of theatre-goers that Mrs. Langtry's "The Degenerates" and General Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" should find audiences in the same city at the same time. "Ben-Hur," of course, has ten spectators for every five that attend such a play as "The Degenerates." The United States may be a republic of no religion, as some Parisian



Sara Perry.

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Chickering photo.

Nellie Braggins.

In "Three Little Lambs."

journalist has said, but it is still true that a religious play or book, if successful at all, is very successful in this country. "Ben-Hur" is inspirational for theatre-goers of deep religious feeling. The play is in every

respect as reverent as the novel, and the novel has always been considered by pious readers a beautiful argument for Christian faith. Again, as a spectacle-drama, "Ben-Hur" makes assurance of success doubly sure by offering to the non-religious audience a strong story well acted and a stage show of marvelous illusion. The device on the principle of the treadmill, which Neil Burgess invented so many years ago for "The County Fair," is put to noblest use in a representation of the chariot race. The players holding the principal rôles in "Ben-Hur," who are E. J. Morgan, W. S. Hart and Corona Riccardo, deserve commendation for admirable acting. Not less deserving of fame, however, are the beautiful horses that play their parts so well in the mimic chariot race. All in all, "Ben-Hur" is a show of



Sarony photo.

Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott.

In "The Cowboy and the Lady."

many-sided attractiveness, and it will not be a surprise if it should be played throughout the country for several years to come.

William Gillette gave a professional matinee of "Sherlock Holmes" at the solicitation of John Drew, Julia Marlowe, and numerous other actors. Gillette's acting in the play made from the adventures of Dr. Doyle's famous sleuth might serve as a lesson to many of the profession. Gillette's interpretation is not only almost perfect in the highest art of mimicry, but there underlies a base of sound thought. As an instance, one might mention the scene in which *Holmes* takes the hypodermic injection of the drug that enslaves him. The suggestion of decayed will, of hopeless surrender, of the black future crawling nearer each day, all are so poignantly portrayed, that for a mo-

ment the spectator fancies he is looking at an Ibsen play. The rebound is exhilarating when in the next scene, a thieves' den, Gillette, in true melodrama dexterity, brings down a wooden chair on a lamp, smashing that orb of light into extinction. The wicked people of the play, who have been thinking they had penned in the detective, run and grope in the darkness in furious efforts to seize *Holmes*. Remembering the smoking habit of the detective, one of the criminals cries, "Follow the light of his cigar!" In an instant the tiny spark of a cigar head is seen in a far corner of the room. In this direction there is a rush of the thieves. Then the stage lights are suddenly flushed. The cigar is seen burning on the ledge of the window. *Sherlock Holmes* has vanished as into thin air. The thrill is glorious.



Men's Chainless Model.

## THE CHAINLESS WHEEL

By JOHN FRANK BYRNE

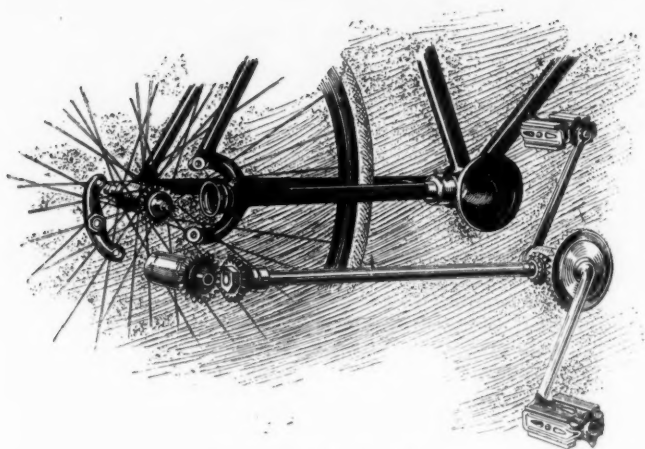
THE bevel gear chainless wheel typifies a new epoch in bicycling and in bicycle construction. The increasing popularity of the chainless wheel last year shows plainer than anything else that the chainless bicycle has come to stay. Practical experience has demonstrated its superiority. On the race track E. A. McDuffie succeeded last year in reducing a number of records to so low a figure that no rider mounted on a chain wheel was able to approach them. The tendency is all in favor of the chainless, as is faintly reflected in the fact that all racing men are adopting it in place of the chain wheel. On the road also its great speed and wearing qualities were shown in the two records of Will Brown, a century rider, who on a Long Island road made world's records of 500 and 1,000 miles on a bevel gear chainless bicycle of the year, never being compelled to stop for repairs and readjustments.

The production of this machine necessitates a new and costly equipment of special machinery and tools, and the greatest accuracy and skill in its building. Hence, the apparent excess in price is explained. The uninitiated who value cost more than quality will learn from experience that a well-built chainless is worth the price asked, while a poorly built one is worth no price at all, and will be a constant cause of vexation and trouble to the owner, as nothing in the bicycle line could possibly be worse than a cheaply built, unskillfully constructed piece of mechanism of the chainless type.

In the bevel gear style of chainless, the transmission of power from the crank shaft to the rear wheel is obtained by bevel gears, instead of the usual form of sprockets and chain now in generally accepted use. The mechanism consists of a series of four beveled gears used in conjunction with a tubular gear shaft, is simple in construction and can be readily taken apart and re-assembled whenever necessity requires.

As in 1899, the crank shaft mechanism is assembled in an independent bushing which fits inside the crank bracket. The end of the sleeve carrying the forty-toothed gear has been enlarged into a disk which is two and three-quarter inches in diameter. Thus the gear itself with the ball race is changed to a form better adapted to symmetrical tempering. By developing the thread on the disk from the axis of the sleeve, this axis is made accurately perpendicular to the plane of the disk, and absolute and permanent uniformity in the running of the gear is assured. The teeth of the gears are cut with that complete conformity to the theoretical contour. When finally the gear is screwed upon the sleeve, every part and working piece necessarily takes its assigned position without straining or warping.

The ball races of the pinions are directly under the teeth, and the corresponding members screw into the frame. The front piece, shown loose upon the shaft, screws up against the balls in the bearing. The washer and check nut follow, the adjusting of the locking device being effected by mov-



The Mechanism of the Chainless.

ing the nuts with a key inserted through a hole in the frame. Means have been provided for adjusting the pinions forward and backward on the gear shaft, while by the crank bracket and rear hub adjustment each pair of gears that work together can be drawn closer or separated without difficulty, and so as to secure a smooth, easy action.

In the chain-driven bicycle, the chain is directly responsible for much of the grief with which the rider comes in contact. It must be kept thoroughly lubricated, free from dirt, sand and water, and requires constant care, no matter how accurately or carefully constructed. In the chainless bicycle these obstacles are removed. The gears and mechanism being enclosed in

dust-proof cases, require practically no attention, and the smoothness of action and ease with which the machine drives will astonish those unfamiliar with its workings. On the level or in coasting its superiority is manifestly apparent, and the rider will appreciate the quick response to power applied to the pedals and the rapidity with which the machine gets under way. There is no lost motion, no grinding, creaking or jumping as in the chain wheel, but an absolute obedience to the will of the rider, a response to his efforts that cannot be realized until the machine is ridden. In hill climbing, the result is the same, the machine responding immediately to every ounce of power applied.



Women's Chainless Model.